July 2nd 1929

The Moths
or the life of anybody.
life in general.
or Moments of Being
or The Waves

The Months
or the Life of any body.

Spring — 1
Summer — 2
Autumn — 3
Winter — 4.

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I

An enormous moth had settled on the bare plaster wall. The purple crescent on the upper wings & the broad border on the lower wings. As the wings fluttered & quivered, the purple crescent on the upper wings & the dark border on the lower wings took what to naked eyes almost made a mysterious hieroglyph, always changing. Through the open windows came the sounds of very early dawn; faint nestings, faint stirrings, in which the crowing of a cock was like a distant beast voice interrupted like a jet from a fountain; a flurt of hard rose-coloured water. And then, rather hurriedly, some bird pattered out a few irrelevant bars of blank melody. To these and to these that all meaning seemed emptied out of it, & then again from another tree another bird added another bar of blank melody. Then that the sea could be heard turning over innumerable pebbles on the beach, rolling them rushly over, & then as it with drawing them with pebbles & rolling them back again as it went turning them over.

The moon was two thirds & fine to be & threw much light into the room & early showed the bare table with its cups & glass of water in the which its flower part lost in the middle in which some faint little green plant, too young to bear a flower, grew dotly against a stake.

It was all very pale, & discordant too; with the melodious birds; the moth; the white as of the mind of a very old man or woman, had gone back to the dawn of memory; & had not been able to finish any sentence; in what order things came; in what came next; but without attempting to make a coherent story. But

like a jet from a fountain.)

bear

Too young their shoots hardly green;

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after looking for some time at the plate, & a little here & there table cloth which cloth is here & there strewn a napkin, dirty, pitted with ink & the words & the table cloth were in fact those long tables at which children learn their lessons. There were Charles & Molly & Charles: Dozens & children just those; your boy, as writing very laboriously. they rather rows, jawing as writing very laboriously, for already, though that might have seemed impossible, each had they had their minds, their capacities. There was, for instance, the most solemn child. He never dipped his pen without deliberation; after meditating half an hour perhaps. But when he wrote the letters were fine & clear. Compare him with that moody pitiful little girl. She stayed at her task, absorbed as if she despaired of ever getting it done: & then suddenly made a dash — wrote something very very fast; & then there was a boy who never had gaped at the page; & rolled on his seat, & pinched rumpled his hair. And the three sat like boys; so agile, so lackadaisical. One after another they dipped their pens; each was already compelled, as if still together bound that by some presence behind them, to stand in majesterially behind them.

swaying

And there were many men.

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And there in that little crease of the napkin was a corner of a
garden shadowed by leaves like the outstretched hands of Giants.
Here the snow-moon snails drew their track of
iridescent slime along a tiled floor; & the peacock butterfly
settled on the yellow flowers. Here came — not none of the
children can have been ten years old yet — one could like
in Irish pictures. Love — a Glorying voice;
Death — the branch of the apple tree against the moon; &
Fruit
though the sea was there always, now & then,
as on a summer day, when there has been a storm far away at sea,
one huge wave rolls in, by itself, & Creeps on the beach.
Solitary phrases about intimations, a hand, voice; that was love;
a branch — the last fruit — an extended branch — that was death; &
something, — leaves rustled tumult never to be. — leaves — thinning
thinning; the hedges, thinning, a fruit; something
dazzling; as if shone the red heart laid bare.
Among these children was there was a room
Then came sense of the awful duration, & the sudden
flight, & the power to open the heart & close it; &
like a bird it is just never doing; — Louis said that in the
Corner of the garden, where the leaves made a baldaquin of
were so wonderfully broad; the & the shadows of the Peacock
butterflies were like clouds; & the spirals marked on the
were visible to the last grain. snail shells
viciously. Far away The other children hooted & Catcalled,
Chasing, seeking, skimming the Flower tops, all for
fluttering, waving flowers, the black & pale, with their
rich, flashing Crests creasing together like folds of
the cream, flattery silk shadowed. The
lustre: for him Unravelled. There
Jining & he hesitated & killed a saw the dead rat — the innumerable white
maggots. And Kissed there; they on the Feast by the Greenhouse;

Brothers &c,

& Love &c, to
work the heart,
& Encourage it,
Courage it, &
to Love it, to
Encourage it, for Ever
& Ever.

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Nevan Jenny who had such a difficulty with her lessons.
Letting ~~So that the rats~~ at the long table swaying her head from side to side;
while Louis, who was so ~~very~~ slow, ~~managed to write~~ got
work what he did write so ~~clearly~~ that there could be no mistake.
Archie, the ~~rabbit~~ baby, ~~hamper~~ so big, never very much
bothered about ~~the rat~~; he ~~did~~ had, for his age — a they were
all about the same age, — a remarkable address, surely, a though
~~when he was~~ ~~too long before~~ this, in the ~~cradle~~ kitchen, ~~his mother~~
he ~~had made the circuit~~, ~~letting~~ Lea the rat & the flowers, ~~his fancies~~
~~Confirmed them~~, no longer found anything ~~to~~ helpful in them; &
much amazing — Nevan had to say. ~~Louis was~~ John was
~~Rose~~ He was so well poised, that even then nobody,
~~how these difficult things to learn~~, could unbalance him. Back he
jolted — Rex, Jessie, ~~was the Cardales~~. ~~Marion was~~
~~Looking~~ jolted, ~~very bitterly~~, ~~talking the brothers~~ in great gulps & spasms,
their days; ~~between Rex~~ love had come, not to her, in the corner of the
garden. And there were many others; John, Philip, Connie, Rachel —
~~The Lord of the napkin~~
The moth hovered on the plants wall; & the ~~their~~
moon light ~~on~~ ~~very~~ coated jars & plants very thinly, &
the ~~Cat~~ plant leaning on its stick. ~~Attracted~~ The
voice ~~of the sea~~ rolled over us, ~~us~~ & fresh bubble & went on
again. ~~No sound nothing was clear~~ ~~The boom was very near~~.
~~And~~ Nevan all day
And now the cork ~~of the~~ crew.
No sooner had one ~~sound~~ began, than it was cut into; the ~~boat~~ ~~boat~~.
~~black sang the~~ birds ~~are~~ bird sang; then stopped. Another
started; then stopped. Yet in their ~~its~~ incoherence, the
Dawn ~~of day~~ was ~~over~~; its azures, its saffrons, ~~mauves~~ creeping over the
sea. ~~Fingers of light, mauve, &~~ Nevan with two early
for anything, ~~solid~~ as solid as a bar of light; only as the
horizon lay one clear line of pale blue, as if a ~~bell~~
shelf of glass rested there. The islands which in broad day
light were as solid as the mainland, were now only phantoms.
A ship could have sailed through them. Not enough light
came ~~from the sea~~ in country, even with all the windows
uncurtained, to read by.

As they were all white, almost Colourless.

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Collecting,
not all that
Lewis did
Carroll & Jesse,

not worth all
Lewis
together;
Reading them
with one
story, what
you are
helped has
meaning;
or has no
meaning:—

went of

However, the lonely person, man or woman, young or aged, ~~sat~~ at dusk out-
~~who would be thinking~~ there, in the room, thinking,
the power that centralises, what must else be lost,
~~gathering together~~ in its mind, not ~~of by any means~~, all that was
read in the garden, but some fragments, ~~& then~~, ~~setting to work~~
~~to make them Coherent; for the~~ could not begin, even
~~in this pale dawn to~~ making a coherency of them, would
now draw the book to ~~opened the book & look~~; the eyes;
I can hear ~~began to talk~~ the story of the world from the
beginning, ~~making from the upon~~ I am no longer not.
~~turning as the waves~~ concerned with the single life; ~~does~~ but
~~the thinker who composes, &~~ as ~~& reading it together~~ ~~b~~
So that ~~making beauty~~; ~~&~~ ~~in the hope that~~ ~~these~~ will be
~~when these their scene~~, — & here ~~these~~ the ~~light~~ of the nasturtium
very much crumpled, certainly seemed to ~~unroll~~ ~~the~~ darkling hu-
garden with many children playing; or at their lessons.
And it was clear that the ~~cat~~ snail slime, the sticky mud in
the ~~stalk~~ helpless, & the ~~that~~ leaf heavy with masses were
all ~~included~~ in the ~~hearts~~ of ~~these~~ ~~unhooping little creatures~~ unfortunate children. They were not
related. Lewis was Australian. Susan came from the
~~north~~ of England. ~~And so with the other~~ Archie was
from the son of a clergyman in Suffolk. ~~And so with the~~
others. But ~~that certainly~~ since they are all to be seen
~~all together there~~, at the same moment; this is the beginning ~~the~~
~~story. the white first page has this~~ in it. ~~Next to clear the~~
birds have sung; & the stars & Ursa Majors were have been lit
by starlight. ~~All over the garden these trees~~ have been
~~pale but the tents~~ the blank ~~has grown bit~~ of sunlight
night has cleared where by little. Or this white space
first the trees have thrown. Sundews with mist. And
then the sea, moving, has thrown slowly darkness from the
fields. The badger has skulked home. & The vast sigh of

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people Nursing has terrified & bothered. Many mothers, & before them many mothers, & again many mothers, have groaned, & fallen ~~back, while the child cowered~~. Like one wave, & then succeeding another. wave after wave, endlessly sinking & falling as far as the eye can stretch. And all these waves have been the frightful forms of mothers, in their ~~howling~~ nightgowns, with the dumbed sheets about them holding up, with a groan, as they sank back into the sea, when ~~insane~~ ~~terrible children~~

Louis, Jane, Susie, Archie;

Then the boys who laughed &

Jealousy & hatred already ravaged them. They were already in the clutch of ~~the passion of~~ love. They ~~are~~ look at Louis, with the ~~fearful~~ stalk in her hand; at Susie, peering through the hedge: But then ~~Archie~~ the tomorrows beg, ~~the~~ silver veiled ~~that he hated or that he loved, there~~ ~~a three words were~~ & ~~too definite, if he had been at early~~ ~~reserved modification~~, ~~he must have a different interpretation~~: hence he ~~not~~ was an only child his father he would ~~certainly~~ be well educated; &, living much with grown up people, would Even at that age, ~~understand that there is nothing that~~ does not ~~submit to~~ how some middle sized idea) — he as course, ~~seized the~~ was the one to whom Susie, made ran now with her terrible distress. eyes

Let me then feel pressing against me some human hand. Let me feel that ~~ache~~ is not blank; & that when I weep, Jane not the only watcher; ~~that another~~ there is Even among the scattered & solitary) the children & the sinners & terrible waves, others than us; ~~in whose~~ who, when they ~~understand~~, spread out ~~like~~ our hair out on our hearts & lay it on the ground, & then there are others, who stay a moment before they break; then the hair is taken out of our hearts: our head when the ground.

Susie ~~was lost that afternoon~~. She went down into the cellar ~~unlike to write~~. Down at the bottom of some winding stone steps. ~~An astonishing~~ Coolness & stillness deepened & deepened as one went down; nothing The body in a ~~cavity~~ glass bottle; Nothing & nothing

As if walks in a well

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a Flambottle ran to him

& ~~soothing~~ it; as if all its legend were held in the thick green glass, which had held wine once. The bottles were ranged on the altar, some in straw cases. They were all damp, & mouldy. Even the lilies on the altar were so damp that they seemed shuddering in a supernatural chill. The ~~little~~ window was of little panes was on a level with the earth, & only ~~two~~ feet appeared walking past. & the ~~dry~~ earth at the roots of flowers.

All this is more clearer much than what went on within her heart; ~~or than thought~~ what he said, was so sensible: so kind; & also, so matter of fact. He said that one could take a bottle & they stone after. He told her how his uncle had shut the door of an umbrella, in the dark. & a fireman had come & taken his name & address.

He was

~~I work here now what~~ and what perhaps happened then was ~~probably~~ that while Archie knocked the bottles over, a The ~~man~~ felt, such is so active & has no coat of fear, & if he makes a mess down here, I we shall Certainly get into trouble for it; they

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The lonely mind, mans or womans, it does not matter which, a in
this early light the form was indiscernible, the power that
Org strattered; collectors, rather at random, what would otherwise
be lost a poem, in any fragments attempting to make a whole,
thought: here wrapped over the napkin a the glass, hymn

I am telling merely the story of the world from the beginning. I
am not concerned with the rough life, but with lives together. I have
set myself the task of finding, discovering a am trying to find, in
the folds of the past — from the crossed napkin such
Complete perfect vessel. fragments as time, having broken the
the perfect vessel. But it was not by any means made of durable stuff.
For it was only when the thing had happened that
one could do the accidents
was over that one could really discover understand, or
loaded lives, in the real house, love; when, having the
horrid block of memory rolled over, only when one had left the room
was walking home at dead of night. Then walked in that
was deep far, darkness, which had no limit, for I am
thinking of very dark midnight, which: a no light,
the fact that what the whole stores were invisible, whose
memory, but whatever had had happened, expanded: a
while from something dropped away. Then, without a
Companion, one loved. without a spoke with no one to hear; a
Carried on an interCourse with people who were not
there more completely than with Chair drawn close to

Here the folds of the napkin, much crumpled, seemed to
display ed a face, with many children
a woman broke his waves succeeding wave; endlessly working a father;
a there waves were the forms of mothers many mothers, a again
of many mothers, a behind them many more, endlessly
working, father, a dying mothers, each holding up,
as the wave held its crest, unrecognisable children. a

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child.

Gradually the waves lay low. ~~The bodies~~ ~~turkey & father~~, the innumerable furrows ~~that~~ vast sea, ~~it~~ were still. ~~Ripples~~ ~~withdrew~~.
~~A clear very early~~ ~~It was very early.~~ ~~The~~ Here ~~a~~ ~~stretch~~ in a range ~~waits~~
the rubs of some old boat ~~bottom kept~~ The mast. ~~here a~~ Lady
were it had fancy, ~~seaweed~~, calm set; like the ~~bottom~~ tides of
sheep. ~~This~~ Here the ~~Wiffle~~ wild sea holly ~~flowered~~ ~~this~~ ~~tufted~~;
like the ~~cords of~~ ~~thistles~~, ~~blue~~; smeared, ~~prickly~~.
Hully blue. ~~For I am thinking of~~ Here were
Mallow bowls, & shells alive, in ~~flowering~~ Jellies,
flowering with big weeds; & the lightest of ~~sort~~ sprats ~~under~~ -
the deep ~~that~~ of innumerable children. Merely to call them
by their names ~~would~~ take too long. Gardner how many thousand
Nelsons ~~& Johns~~ there have been; & Tom & Mary.
For every wave, before it ~~reached~~ sank ~~held up~~, & cast a
child from it; before it sank into the abysm body of the sea;
~~& was~~ ~~The window~~ the curtains were drawn across the window.
She had had her child, & it was named.
~~The told in the~~ The told in the napkin were long decks
at which children do their lessons. There they sat in rows,
rows yawning others working very laboriously. The
solemn boy dipped his pen with deliberation; but when he
wrote the letters were firm & clear. Compare him with that
moody listless little girl. She ~~dragged~~ ~~as to look at~~ her head on ~~of~~ the
~~Perplexed~~ ~~The thin boy~~ from the right, from the left, in bewilderment. Her French exercise
round eyed girl. There was an earl like boy, very fastidious -
apt: there was also a boy who ~~did~~ ~~kept~~ such a was always
cool: even mazy in some hurry or muddle, he had
smudged his face across with blue ink.
learnt the elements of ~~free~~ grammar; but ~~already~~ all were
though the grammar might be the same, they were
already different to this extent:
Here, in this little crease of the napkin, was a
corner of a garden shadowed by trees

were

lines,

might look different from the left eye.

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For the Thoughts of Children come branded on the mind by a leaf.

A thought — such are the thoughts of children half made of regret & wonder, ~~come from the~~ impressed by the world outside ~~coming~~ mixed with some bare branch, or tinted leaf, at the time with bird song, ~~as if the mind then wrapped as a veil,~~ the thought ~~then of his~~ mind placed like a token & set, irrevocably, to Expand further, to the how he was exposed for ever; & feeling himself ~~a very~~ an old man, & like a just ~~had been in the~~ aged up ground for ages, & must now be out of doors. Time Like must come; ~~& I do not want~~ & given, without being asked; to be endured; ~~& to suffered.~~ — such moments of clairvoyance Seeing literally the young mind, which is not yet attached by fibres., which grow here never in them, to the usual & sure. its saying something irrevocable, prophetical, Not disinterested; & Comment that where harshness is undeniable; there is nothing to hasten it: like has affected no babe; the wine glass is entirely stable; & the bed unpressed; so that the judge is incomprehensible, & his verdict unimpeachable. Louis, the boy who wrote a firm clear hand, thought that he had this adventure Opening the eyes of Childr

need — of having ~~purchased seventy years~~ — had been imposed on him, a Dream; a state of being; some long meditation, As plunging in the Sands began when the pyramids were still building in Egyptian Sands; ~~& continued by which~~ the For he had ~~never~~ Exited endlessly; & now, on this September harvest-tide day was forced to relate the results of those dreams, those pre-natal meditations, characters upon the walls of his mind; & he was positive that action is life: nothing Life is pale. Life is a to strike like a clock, recording an hour; was forced to Come to the surface & fact upon him, this visible body, this name, this age, this

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Label; ~~Louis Montford Gp~~ ~~He was a~~ future to be ~~Louis~~ Graham
W. L. Graham, the son of a Solicitor; & on it to seal the thought, as if
~~to Hang~~ the to bring out reverently some working long hidden,
Kind him, on the back of the neck.
~~The bed of the napkin~~ In the fold of the napkin there was a
seat such as Gardeners use to Kneel, there lost in ~~Grass~~ Hair
~~Leaves had~~ covered it with a green powder; with a Braid,
ordered with Snail Shells. ~~How were the~~ And above,
hung ~~the King like a~~ Ceiling made of marvellous Green leaves,
Green as if they
Screens, like fingers held over a Lamp; & here a Rose,
Thatch, Spread openly & a Star fish of violet Petals; or of white, ~~&~~
pencilled with fine purple strokes, bearded, & again three were
Ears & Rose Thick, so thick that they covered the wall
beneath; Young Kind him, in the green light,
running in & out, harlequin like hunting, his cotton dress
Jealousy, replying with many ~~Laughs~~, almost in pattern; Kind him —
~~the nape of the neck; & felt~~ as if she were a butterfly,
some Spirit, something of wax, & feather, light, ~~cheeky~~
like a moth, but of daylight; dancing from the
~~Cast from~~ ten thinking, as if the too had
hot a hard cinder sent from the eternal furnace; something that
had been a million years; ago piece with the Stars; which
like a meteor torn from them; a splinter of bright Steel;
something so hot it must Embed itself in Coolness; or
Yet, ~~such the was~~ Shrapnel shot from a ~~Jealousy~~ Cannon
to tear human flesh & bleats its way more, & die —
Silent bullet in some far Arcadia. to be dug out —
Used in a bowl on the mantelpiece & mounted to,
in Years to come, as the bullet that did not Kill me.
It moved me to such, such a rage. I was
wearing a gold watch; a mercifully, There was —
Prayer book in my breast pocket. Something unexpended

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crashed

Then the rain began pouring; huge pendulous bunches of rock
collected magnificently on the lake. Vast drops drenched the beach & the
leaves. A vast gloom filled the air; the
the grand was flooded with ultra streams; the lightning
flashed. When down over a valley the running of innumerable
streams could be heard, & the Indian eye looked down
upwards, [illegible] then taking a small basin of wood
the children dammed the streams; so as to make an
lake; & letting a match to float, had under their eyes the
emblem age and many; reflections against [illegible] tribes.
His barks were red-green purple; as they lay prowled.
& the far off cry of some wounded bird went
clattering among the bamboo glades
But neither of them had seen Jane — the girl in the
cotton frock, with dark eyes & slow movements; or had
realised that realised that as she looked at them
through the leaves. & Now there was nothing for her to do but to
knot the coloured handkerchief she carried, & take away
with her something wrapped up, sharp cornered, bulky; to a
some far recess, some cupboard in black — as
if she were a Cinderella; as if she were one of those
ancient prophetesses who to whom the Lord spoke, out of a
Cloud.

She went into the beech wood. Never a sound came there
only the waves of the leaves were green or dark, as
shimmering lean white branches intricately twisted;
& over her the sea broke; & the light heaved in
green & yellow & purple shapes; fading, darker,
with an incredible quietness & suddenness, as if
thundering. & revealing her the what was in the
wood; lighting it up & leaving it again.

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She ~~took~~ undid her bundle & took out all the provisions for a day's adventure in the heart of the world? She would ride alone She would go forth by herself, with her bundle slung upon her horses neck. She had looked through the leaves & seen what had dismissed her: She was

I am not laying too great a stress upon all this. I am not exaggerating ~~the intensity of children's feelings~~ [illegible] children. Indeed there is nothing more certain than that they are tortured by wondering & love, even before they know the names; the ~~dread in this case, where so many children had~~ mind ~~the worst~~ this was certain of. ~~Nothing that could~~ ~~exaggerate the torture of childhood~~. People say ~~that children are~~ happy ~~They~~ forget the terrible revelations; the face that looks out from behind leaves; ~~the surprises, the exclamations~~; the ~~bee knowings~~; the ~~sudden~~ shadows on the ceiling. And then, when there are mixed characters ~~& simple things to~~ a vast great number of children brought together naturally they inflict terrible pain upon each other. And ~~the~~ Louis, ~~with~~ so sceptical & ancient; fancying a flag away Shark; & then there was John.

His character ~~was~~ one of very great interest. Figure to yourself a little boy whose hair was always ~~ridden~~ by a jungle crest of hair that never lay flat. And then his face had something ~~puzzled~~ about it. It was ~~round faced~~ boy, lantern humour, ~~tolerant~~; & And if he had taken a slice of cake a crumb was always in the corner of his ~~lips~~ mouth. But what was more to the point was that he And if he had to write an exercise, the ink was ~~on~~ all over his forehead. And while ~~the~~ Constable, the nurse, scrubbed him, he wriggled, but laughed at the same time with such

The Mothi

1. Childhood.

2. London.

3. Maturity

4.

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philosophic humour at a fly trying to escape from a web in the
window corner that when the Jamborey was over, far from
Jean being aware, he stayed, & ~~asked her~~ propounded some
very ~~admirably~~ ~~Cooperized~~ view ~~on the nature of~~ about the nature
~~of the universe~~. He lingered & loitered, ~~making phrases~~; & said.
For Fly, he ~~would say~~; & how thicker too. ~~It was not his way to Condemn.~~
If the world is ~~such~~ a Nature, it is not possible to Condemn. Such ~~a~~ is
The movement of Nature a fly are to be observed. And so one walk his
Cats for tea; one will come in, when Everybody else has Eaten
Everything; or perhaps one will not come in at all.

Here the Lord in the ~~the~~ napkin showed ~~one of~~ a ~~there~~ clearness in a
wood; ~~through which both~~ down upon a & at the bottom, in its
Manor Lawn, among old Elms, a White Country house;
with its Coats of Arms, its ~~lawns~~, orchard walks, its hound, its
flower beds all as ~~so~~ serene as ~~they~~ they were many
hundreds of years ago. It had Johnnie said to Jean,
that this would be a Great adventure. to go down & climb in &
explore the house, which, since it was an unknown place, &
nobody had ever reached it before, would be a
Great feat; but only seen a very short journey to it.
But the point of this story is ~~a~~ ~~Course~~, not that they saw a
Lady working at a table in the drawing room; &
some peacocks; & were chased in by the Gardener; who
was breathing hard; the hunter that
they communicated to each other a ~~sense of the~~
some ~~poetical~~ ~~Egan~~. I am not at all happy, when the
Great ~~quest~~ what Jean said. I have just seen Jenny Kerr
Louis. Then Johnnie said that it was unreasonable to
Expect entire happiness. But nobody was wicked.
And her discerned Jenny's character very clearly
& its main pleasures about her & Louis; as he had
about the Fly & the Spider. Jean was
distracted by these pleasures, & said that the

its straight
stalky
flowers,
but hotter &
darker,

Table.	5.
bed	10
Chair	7.
mop	10
Clock	10

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Rutherford John would be an artist, a maker of phrases. And they saw
the lady working; & her conservatory; & John described it all,
Even though drawn before their eyes; a curious habit, Jessie
& also they imagined the ladies life & her character & how
she was working to be loved, no; she was too old; to be jealous
Jean who was beyond the sea.

The point of the story is that the phrase making. For the sake of
them, Jessie always had liked Jenny with John; but better
Still she liked to adventure all day into the heart of the wood;

But it was not for that reason, that the visit was memorable;
tales twined in it

And they went to Elvedon, & saw a lady writing at a table, &
some peacocks through the window on the lawn; but
this was not the memorable part of the adventure & expedition.
but that they communicated to each other their
opinions upon the character of Louis & Jenny;
Jenny Charles to day held life down for a moment at an angle;
& saw it from an angle; Charles to day entered into
the great conspiracy of civilized beings; began
Communicated, which is to communicate impressions &
life & to day here is my soul, & the soul of Each began
makes its demands, & began to assert its empire.
As the souls of Jenny & Louis [illegible] Cary Cutant
in which the souls of John & Jessie were
Cutant, like shadows. And so was they that they
felt the first premonition of the great disgust & loneliness
a dark shadow which is Cutant when the souls of
Others And from that they turned to the
Connection between their own souls; & thus they were
placed as they thought of the terribleness of communication.
& how they could go shaving & adventuring, he into her,
She into him; & then, when they sat on the top of this
hill, & saw not the fields that they [illegible] they saw the fields

Kenney in the corner of the garden

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that coloured them,
of England through themselves. The woods of Elveden looked
very sheltered; the gilt cock on the church spire whirled; the branches
of the wood that cluster round Elveden Court were wrinkled &
gloomed, washed over by the wind; & the John, (Rhoda)
lagging slightly & pulling at Susan Hinly, hung back to look
again at the prospect, & to find the elegance for the
way what they were like. a phrase
Then pushing another in its place today what they were like.
& then another phrase; saying what they were like.

a large
Cauliflower cast,
heaving the
air with its
wooden legs,

Here in this silver ocean was the first
thin vein the beginning, of the great here was the first
writing on the first page: The
woods of Elveden are seen through the wind; accompanied
life is mixed with other lives; & the mind is haunted with
the figure of Lady, writing, between two windows. And
the solitary is no longer solitary; & the mind, like a sea,
has its coiled tendrils, which has made has forever new
to find an interpretation a phrase to encircle that.
net them in; for otherwise they must perish. And they
when the phrase has been found, it must be thrown about,
to somebody, or else.

a Lady

to another
person

But there were innumerable other children. Here in the
Creare the naked ones were some lefty silver boys
Each dressed with a bathing bag carrying a bag. They wanted
be marched to the field; they would change their clothes;
they would hit a Catch; another match to play cricket. Some
One would hit a Catch; another match to play cricket.
the same by the immense door; & another the other side
having played at bat, would cheer very honourably as the
return, marshalling again into ranks, moved off.
Here James he said boasted that his father was
had been an officer & kept a black servant; &
George boasted that his brother was almost
chosen to play for Oxford; & they another boy boasted
that he knew his uncle who knew about submarines
There were innumerable other children.

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Extract Sea
There was a
Phosphorescent Green
Line, as if
That of Glass
had its
Edge Sand
The Sea Sea
was greener;
its waves
Were
Marked.

Through the open windows came the winds of very early dawn; faint
Twitterings; faint Stirrings; & then the birds Crow Crept into them
like a spurt of hard red water from a bent up Fountain. & Some
bird then shattered out a few incoherent bars of Sound, so blank
that all meaning seemed emptied out of it. And from another
tree another bird added a few more bars of blank melody.
The Sea turned innumerable silver shells over as it came in,
& turned them again as it went out. The moon was
too pure a thing to throw much light on the room, & only
showed the Table with its crumpled napkins, a book or two, &
the flowers not, in which the flowers not that there was a
Green Glare. Now the flowers suddenly one & the green
buds opened with a silver Jerk. its green Star chart &
something white showed; & gradually shook, unclosed, &
rounded till a white bell shaped flower hung there;
veined with green. And the Sea began moving rather more
loudly; & Louis with impatience, & perhaps loosening some
rock; a rushy in with impetuosity & shut the sand castle,
with their moats, drawn bridges were too overwhelmed; &
the last of Jan as the tower drowned. And here a
fish was flung in to a pool; & the Flashings & Doors;
& bits of cork were left stranded; & long buff
Stems of Straw; as if some Giant Shallop had
foundered, & both its rider head cracked, & cut
some fresh hay boat, carrying rakes & stakes & twine,
but not seen the Crew swim, Light-oppressed & Straw
safely to shore, with a roar between him & it; &
bounded up the Cliff side, & disappeared. And the
Rose red & blue Colours began to rise. Jan shaked,
Like the Jan which some Lazy Giant beauty raises to
hide her Eye from the day; the veil with which the
Covers her beauty, peeping hungry ma, to look along the
Sea, & then sinks back again: the Water Now the Sun
were yellow & red rays of light.

2805
14 0900

NYPL

It's blue green flushed deepend to blue. One bird on the green plant
in the flower pot split asunder, & shook out a white flower, ~~edged~~,
~~green~~ green veined, pale flushed, quivering, ~~taken~~ as if it
~~left~~ can one has seen a child's foal ~~startled~~ at the gate which the
farmer has shut, leaning it alone: such its nostrils quivering;
its eye wide & unbelieving; trembling ~~with~~ in its flanks. The ~~farmer~~
has locked the gate & left it to alone call the ~~long~~
till the summer season has risen. ~~& the~~ ~~to too~~ The moth
quivered on the wall; Hovered on the wall, & its
& the quiver of the upper wings made the purple crescent
~~like a~~ little, so that it never burned, but became an
inscrutable hieroglyph. The lower wings flushed
~~pale pearly~~. Hovered pale now & then,

The children went to school. The ~~desk which had appeared in~~
~~the book of the past~~ The book of the napkin no longer showed to
the inquiring mind that long desk lighted with ink pots: or the
corner of the garden, with its dead nut, its prayer shaped leaves.
The long ~~rows~~ Chaps hands, carrying ~~&~~ rows of ~~heard~~ ~~tied~~ ~~beg for the~~
~~ladder~~ had ~~climbed over~~ come; & them off. & clattering upon the
Cobbles: always in a hurry; for always somebody was late; had to
swallow the last mouthful, & abheaved at the door weighing
into a ~~&~~ coat, ~~during between~~ struggling between the
Wakes & a satchel. The fitt ~~letter~~ hands on the clock
over the baker shop were always two close to the hour; &
then, here where the napkin curved, the ~~sun~~ brake hurled up. & the
very ~~tardiest~~ Children ~~&~~ trotted off to the School. Or ~~sweet~~ or train,
going to Eastbourne or Harrogate: & going to Eton, going to
Winchester. The immense noise of the headmaster, the
~~darkgreyish~~ hands of the head masters were like to be
seen. Dr Crane might have been taken for an actor,
Miss Warner, who ~~also~~ followed the Ode of Horace
~~pointing~~ with her forefingers ~~had~~ ~~the~~ ~~forefinger~~ ~~&~~
wore on the second finger ~~of~~ her right hand a ~~splendid~~
~~magnificent~~ ring which seemed to ~~magnify~~, with its
fat old Roman face, that she was the leader of some
austere but lovely virtue; ~~was~~ ~~Cool~~ & changable, yet legal too.

~~&~~

~~but perfectly still, amazed~~

~~its little body round from contusion of trance.~~

~~on the greatest confession.~~

NYPL

Dr. Cranz appeared at the bottom of the aisle at
head of the school in Sunday's, holding the tops of warrior;
& took his stand by the brass eagle that the lectern rested on its back
wing. His voice rang out, & mixed with the sound of a
creaking waterpump, across the fields; & could be heard above
denouncing the whole butterflies; & blaming & warning the
wickedness of the Peasant John made many pauses of pleasure; &
while he did so, mixed some of his sermon with the high emotion
which Nature was feeling. But Louis had been born in Australia,
& had no sense of the English Sabbath. & His forefathers had been
Clergymen for many generations; did not even hear the creaking
pumps or the sound that the butterfly was dancing, or that the
men were talking in the ditch. Their Caring words of
blood & = He was filled with a sense of the severity
sense of discipline; of the terrible retribution of the flesh; of his own
call to the ministry; of his own thinking & suffering. &
looked straight ahead at his preacher, with only his
wild laughing eyes to proclaim that he was living
Inside the story of his straight in his head; & was trying to make a line run
flagrant discord, the glaring offwickedness. And in the same
way, a thousand other children listened to their master via
as it read, with clear rules of conviction; of the necessity
number of some depressing dissatisfaction; & their minds
wandered; they turned some coins in their pockets; they tied a
knotted a piece of string; they sneered at the desk at
some boy; or felt the thrill of some heroic visage; & under
its strange rein, its seductiveness; as it he alone in the
world was its immediate Now the ordering difficulties -
less of daily life, all together, a very strange, & that it was
enough even to crush close in the crowd young out,
all together, in some astonishing way, in the midst of some
look at the back, even in the crossing of the feet:
Even in the
The Cock crowed. And its hard voice broke through the black
via the land. Their blackness now was full of menace,
as if behind a veil the moon began to show its light; &

('not at the same school)

Summary Report,

Sense of the approaching of the sun

NYPL

some lark burst under the water, slowly mounted nearer the top;
& some where, very far away, began singing; & its words could scarcely yet be
heard; a [illegible] The bird, which many now here & now there,
answered each other.

Among all the warblings & whistlings In the room, where the
dawn was entering there came at last some order; some
rhythm: the various voices making a harmony now & then;
& at last when one bird called sang it seemed to answer another,
Meaning blended into the blank song, as from the day depths of sky
forest as a face emerges slowly. Slowly to the top of sky head & lit. Lit pale
under the surface; & when one bird sang now it seemed as
it seemed to question another; & the other answered.
The [illegible] Then the shabby form, the dreamer, the thinker
who leant over the table, before the open window, in the dawn,
began to collect fragments, what which ever fragments that made
the perfect vessel light had broken, said that turned
over those that lay now on the table, & considered
them turned the back & wrote how their
that after all the odd things about were that had happened;
much the same for all these children, they had now come to
'Life', that although the beginning had been
John, the change was beginning. Summer poured over
the fields, but fuld; & this thing that we call life entered
to be a thing outside them; Jinny & was beginning now
Jacqueta saw them Kitty & went to the beech wood;
John, impelled by that curious power of sympathy &
Eleanor, which marked him, followed her; they
then for the first time said discussed their
attitude; their relations; & then, from being life, from
a simple affair of breathing, drawing in & out together & air
became something that has on them grew very

Thought
that

Among
which
now &
then;
their

where
of

he would chuckle
to enjoy himself
think I have lived
when almost was I
dead

almost as a man
wages out his
name in words
the deathless man
who to himself he
made for himself
an age

NYPL

eyes from some very deep, very dark, hist in the centre eyes. ~~His~~
difficult Life then must become for all these children a very
difficult art of beginning; ~~as silently~~ they Each will try to
show the other what is, ~~that quite~~ that lies in him;
~~but how can he possibly succeed?~~ what he sees. Look he will say,
this a fine summer morning; Mr Crane is hooming away in
the bushes, like an old blue-bottle; ~~a~~ My mind is full of
humour & comparison. What the gift of phrase. How make,
I know not how, a very amusing sequence, out of the
summers morning at school – let me show you. And so John
will draw round him in the corner the schoolroom a story, a
whole boy to whom he will relate the story of the morning
Meanwhile Louis must be ~~quitting~~ ~~trying to~~ ~~pram pushing~~ ~~into~~ making
~~round~~ our Lui. And began with ~~talking~~ in the window seat ~~then at~~
home ~~(for he never went to school)~~ ~~with~~ be opening & shutting
her eyes; ~~as the teasing Elsie~~ at the commence of life;
Elaborate with many erasures
Carlson of her jealousy, his passion, as a child might pull the
tush of the tides ~~blowing the~~ hurrying on the rope that keeps
him attached to the boat, & ~~he~~ ~~he~~ knew his doom;
that he must descend & fight & he fought, & perhaps
among the weeds there in the sea find some heal
hidden among the ~~[illegible]~~ wrecks lumber. What
~~Vasca is to~~ stud E. Jenings was And Jenny was
hunting for among ~~other~~ words & ends; picking one thing up.
putting it down; fussing, glancing; – her reality will
be different again; all their worlds are seen from
different windows; Each is differently angled &
orientated. Ironically work very great artistically,
by haley shutting an eye, a squinting round a finger
that ~~[illegible]~~ they can say, I see what you mean. And
~~half the time~~ often they cut the other short; ~~they~~
working him to it; Look at my view, they urge.
And then terrible misunderstandings arise
between them. They cut themselves out, shutting

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for the word
was more real to
him than the
things;

June white
tents;
Strang

they cannot communicate: they want to [lonely] to solitary places &
ask nature to listen to them; they address the very birds &
trees; ~~they have talk again,~~ (all but one poet John,
who could not bear solitude & must be talk to an apple woman one
stray day rather than not talk at all; for the [illegible] the word
only became real to him in ~~talk~~) words &c: then its
sequence became one chain,) & ~~they go~~ but the other
They can ~~all seek the society of~~ [commonplace] questions most find
all centres of ~~some~~ [human] personality & have them now
demand to make; [all] [may] each day something which will
never be known; & getting in class, listening to Dr.
Crane a Miss Adams wonder how each came to be so
extraordinarily [remote] singular. And Louis thinks that he is
very unhuman a face, an invisible boy: all the rest have
eyes & [teeth]: the names over them like a shadow - the wish not
[to] [may] long in vain to be hostile a world. But the
Among so many differences, the running from the
unfashionable but in the centre, there was one thing that
kept them united, one slender but far-stretching filament:
what is it to be called? What [peculiar] [ghostly] can one
of the dead? If [would be best to] [could] make
[Can] the soul, how would be a bit & [many eyes]
it [which] [does] [profoundly], & to dive a [little],
it would show a [peculiar] little picture with its roots
going & deep, to deep, into such an unknown layer,
that if this not to be sucked in & drawn into blackness,
it must have tentacles attached to the world above;
these must keep it attached to the visible things;
there they are the far stretching filaments; & one
thing is this [love] nothing but love of self as the
ancients called it:

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Conglomerated,

Each felt here is the world, complete, Circular; thinning self-centred,
poised, Exactly placed ~~I Jany~~ Everything in order; Room for myself only
who am outside yet: I Cannot spin; Can only feel the rush of the
air as ~~it fans~~ I part, fanning the vast wastes of emptiness as it
goes here. And the hum & the stir of Eating; of praying; All
the meetings & Congregations of School life only fanned these
solitaries on the verge with a rush of air; which lifted some
heroism & Left it steaming out & then it sank back, & the dome was
alone again without all congregations & Worship of men.
There was one way of approach for Louis. A little black book
book lay on his desk. It was some Grammar of the Latin
Language: ~~the~~ Thereby he associated with Horace & Lucretius.
~~the was included~~ associated in an ancient soul. ~~the~~ Leaving his body, with
Jacket & Collar on the bench, he ascended into the Cavernous
Region, very clear & black, like the Inkstand see over a
Mountain Tarn, ~~a~~ in which the stars cut ~~as~~ Splinters
~~It~~ His body, Jacket Dissolved. His mind knew no coolness.
It was disembodied, Expanded] Commensurate with the
whole air. And the grave voice chanted; the firm hand fingers
held him; the severe eyes gazed radiant; I hand in hand
they mounted height after height: ~~took the~~ Rhythmic calm
like Eagles ascending; Sweeping broad circles; viewing
the sleeping Fields, & the smoke vanishing; & the far
boundaries of the world. Then the bell rang; & the
Headmasters Prayer Grace over the vast world of
worst boys; which was carved & sent forward, & blank upon blank.
Loneliness, had these alcoves, these islands, hollowed out, mist, /
floating, And there ~~the~~ Some of the children withdrew; &
the legged Eyes, & the twitching Fingers alone indicated
the ~~secret~~ soul right away; ~~in the by the~~ & its
Communion with a the body walking in the fields of Rome or
Greece, ~~the~~ or some ~~narrow~~ sunny Lane; some
English Lane, when the ~~leaves~~ shaken the ~~Horse~~ Earth
to Earth is inevitable under the ~~sunshine~~ of leave, the
~~Making Them~~ the Shaking ~~their~~ yellows, ~~& yellow~~

Clothed by Thee Whitewash & Sword Waved Through

Accompanied when the Companions

Uppers Years

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But John must talk – to an applewoman, to a stray dog. Whatever
Knut formed in a schoolroom during playtime, or when they were met up to
during lessons, he was more to him Cassie, with his seductive ways. He
& his loathness to be left in silence alone, for then Everything
Crumbled & withered round him. Then his body weighed on him:
the fell in his buckets. There was only a few Coins & a
lumps of chalk. Life That was all. Life was meagre, &
fevverly Visited. He had no eye for nature. Birds and meant to
field flares. He never knew the plan to watch the flower fall, as
waited all through the dawn for dusk for the boy the cab to
tumble in the Jews, or noticed the sluge the sunset on the sea.
Unreasonably when he could talk that But was content those
Thoughts with the tongue could speak, once her tongue, like a
snake running through rug, could make a sequence,
Could add bred to woman, or mean to dance, & so relate
one to another, they grey what in her hand. He
& do Draw in a few words make up a story of human
history, & find out the hidden secret to some oddity in
men, women, & faces laugh, & herelate & the verge of tears,
& speculate why there so; & what bound the human tribe ran
so tragically together. Not that he cared to know where we are
going. Because No one talks in the past.
Josher the Nun & cripple boy was often a listener. the
Edward stopped to listen sometimes. The Nun & Sal like boy
who seemed to slop through the water without disturbing it
with his long body & so this his body was, so then so
smooth, & Cutting who steered always to cut often the square bank or
leaves like a snake knife, very cleanly & Dexterously;
sometimes, in his standing trousers he Two waved slop &
Passing the knot look at the group by the door
listen; in case something was said that was serviceable.
But what purpose could it serve? What was he in
search of? Often his great dark eyes were full – with of
tears: but of tears that & anger: & tears & weakness; &

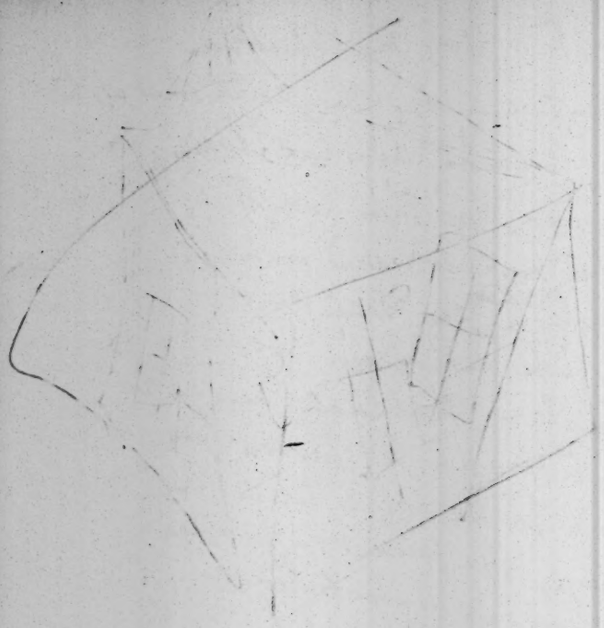
pulled them back as they were prolonged down.

He fell on to floor. He heard voices but hardly

& stole home to note the hour & the Season & the points of the Compass, the direction & the wind

when

Knowledge



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& jealousy & anger; & love & anger; ~~&~~ often they clouded ~~&~~ in a dark stare. looked leathern, indifferent; seemed about to inflict some stab or blow; & then the tension relaxed; he fell back again into dream; into tranquility; into letting the busy babble go on; & so passed where John talked, idly enough, to see if there were anything serviceable. And then, touched perhaps by the open mouth of some innocent, her gently took him aside, kindly spoke to him: she had no malice then. He was all then humbleness & gentleness.

And then there was a great clapping & a great bawling.
Here then were some of these children. And here was life.
And here were the headmasters & the headmistresses bringing them into relation; making a quick quiet, reasonable introduction; as if they knew ~~on the one hand~~ life on the one hand, human nature on the other hand, & were quite capable of providing a ~~most suitable~~ cranny presently suited to each of these many million children. ~~Their~~ There were cricket fields & football fields, swimming baths & gymnasiums. There were laboratories & carpenters shops. There were libraries & chapels. ~~It was~~ ~~to state impossible to~~ find ~~anywhere a~~ each a finger, or a toe, or a hair or a Each & Crescens of the human brain, whether it were on the body or the mind was ~~those fitted~~ was obliged to ~~taken into account~~.
There were nothing but plans for the use to-date conditions & modern buildings. Yet perhaps when Mr Crane looked his Collar, & afterwards ~~in~~ had ~~flattened~~ ceremonial in the looking glass in the bath room, he may have thought in a moment of dependency & clarity, how much
Escaped his fingers, could not be accounted for. ~~When~~
There were boys even now, to swing themselves easily on their backs There was the ~~portcullis~~ ~~then the window~~ Elder tree which was dead to the three centuries old. ~~behind his sticking~~ it.
The ~~children~~ other voices ~~came~~ into thrust into his mind,
& - Rob he. Mrs Dawes must often have felt that

the sandals

can thumb his finger ~~one~~ finger & fancy himself holding his pen hand under the tap.

A new moon over.

NYPL

modern though their methods were, orthodox, & their schools in every way up to date; something lacked. When the introduction was made one of the parties was absent minded.

But the The mind was intermittent ~~in these meditations~~. ~~by~~ a
The canopy of silence, which domed, draped, like that which hangs over
some ancient throne in a Roman Catholic church, a ~~of~~ few hands
spraying, made a tent; ~~made~~ a dark shade darkness, in which birds rattle, &
thought broods, ~~was here stirred by the~~ around. while
underneath, like a penitent seated ~~brooding~~ before a bowed
congregation, ~~was~~ the mind went on thinking, & the dawn of
life, & the footprints in the sand, & the garden, & the
book of experience, & the lady on the wall; the mind ~~that~~
was here ~~made to~~ startled by the a tap on the window.
Jane. Red Eyes glowered out sick. A whirlwind of blackness
It seemed like a penguin shrieked out there demanding to be let in.
Suddenly it found the chimney; it hurled itself across the room;
now there were two moths now on the bare wall.
From what forests had it come? From what silence, &
~~solitude?~~ ~~Out there, over the~~ The moth had been
alone. It had been on the tops of the trees; in those waste
places where the marsh water gleams; & the rats are seen in the
moonlight. ~~Now had the moth been~~ It had rattled on the
ware. It had seen the ~~dark~~ waves coming. It had ~~had~~ had
clung to the swaying bells of tall plant. It had been
driven hard at this; at last at the window; until exhausted it
sat; ~~it~~ the fire was stirred. the steam moved it: it flew; it
raced; it was lazy in the air. It crashed against the pa-
And then it flew on, straight to the moth flowering in the plant.
Another bells bell broke into flower. The plant in
the flower but seemed to straighten itself to bear the weight of the
two white blossoms. ~~The moon made~~ And the
lady outside who had veiled her beauty, now must have
given one long level glance along the water. Light was
coming up over the sea. Against the horizon the

a sudden call
to attend
as if he had
come to the
door.
All round was
flowers,
plants.

NYPL

of lands looked more wild. There was a ship out there. The waves broke now rhythmically ~~& Crisply~~ on the beach. beating a measured tattoo; Drum. like a Drum rousing ~~the~~ the Regiment. like ~~a~~ ~~sight~~ like a Drum tapping: La roving the Cote
Dark heads against ~~Orientale~~ sloop, of turbaned, of ~~Heads~~
Plumed Soldiers, ~~Hussars~~, ~~army~~ negros, with their ringed lives, of
of naked men with ~~nose~~ gais, of

NYPL

they beat like ~~death~~ drums. in the ~~throat~~ ~~beating~~ faintly,
~~beating rhythmically~~ ~~beating~~ a light confusion through the ~~air~~.
Earth: through the air.

In each of these many million children the power of feeling
was now established. ~~In each vein that~~
Appearances were no longer enough: the shad, the butterfly like
they no longer covered layer (layer till they entirely ~~closed~~ filled the
mind's eye, were seen in every fibre of grain. ~~No longer~~
~~Even~~ Meanings were no longer strung by the ~~to~~ of
branch against the sky: or the trembling leaf: things no
longer happened without ~~any~~ context; ~~to them~~, the
~~back ahead~~ they met cut corners in a book now; &
the light from ~~eyes~~ to head by was furnished by the ~~to~~
power to fuel that welled up, ~~in the blood~~ veins
~~to~~ filling new veins daily, making them stretch as they sat at
table, ~~to~~ bent over their books, or gazed at the lilac.
Very strange that the regret that had ~~stopped~~ since no further
than that last summer, now ~~accumulated~~ ~~to~~ raced along here;
that the ~~lilac was~~ colour of the lilac was here
Like the Spring first mist covers the Old Stalks dry dull Mrs mantle:
ceiled the walls of some inner cell with violet flame; made a
new low cool light in a hollowed a Chamber —
filled ~~of~~ as the door was opened by new wild surmises.
~~Jo~~ Jocasa saw the lilac from her bedroom window in
Shropshire. And then the gun fired in the wood.
And after the wood & the that came a pattering afterwards. And
Then a man shout & ~~then~~ a dog's bark ~~came~~;
~~there~~, this was all visible, audible; in a
long ~~grey~~ meadow; in a constant accumulation; &
car brought with it. All this broke the ~~last~~ profound
silence. Illuminated the greyness. Last worked up, &
~~last~~ as of the wind, as Jocasa, at the open window,
were a ship, regularly: And very downstairs
The hound ~~lying in the dresser~~ a letter from ~~John~~ Jinny
as ~~of the~~ he answered, of the most ordinary kind, but

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Reynals to far lands. to unknown people.

It was like an answer to the reynal. Everything for some few hours answered. Rockets rose from the Island Chain; from the kitchen windows; from the Hospital ray healers, a woman's voice; & then, very peacefully the moment closed, like a [illegible] door, & away to when the sunny garden; how all was dark again.

And so with Archie; & with James John. & with all Louis: the power to feel was making a sequence of the morning; the [illegible] was growing more & more intricate; & across the brain [illegible] like fibre spread over [illegible] & along the veins the heat came & there stirred sudden Memorabilia; when they had felt them, as they moved suddenly through a morning or [illegible] in [illegible] there was to feel & Scarlet, Then, [illegible] there [illegible] there was. to be even when the moment had passed, to be left along again; at night, alone; or [illegible] with infinite difficulty to [illegible] with some friend. Archie would explain to Bernard. Charles to Rupert. And [illegible] was no longer the necessary to be understood. Heroes Bella- perhaps to understand. James John was of that Antonia John's immense curiosity about the lives of others often led him to use his own experience to guide him in his interpretation. He was [illegible] as good at his books - the master often said; [illegible] he would make it out, when he should have been doing mathematics: [illegible] the wound bath, work his bread & butter in [illegible] wiping his head with a [illegible] absently smearing his head with chocolate. He ate in [illegible] mouthfuls; often absent mindedly; but he was not by any means oblivious of the pleasures of the flesh. He was fond of rich food; fond of [illegible] would rob a piece of [illegible] would & would a plate. to be near Rachael, [illegible] Ears burning; [illegible] needed Hungaria to come to him from the lethargy into which the pressure of daily life: would sink him its bells; its hours; its recurrence of [illegible] needs would sink him Had he been able to dismiss the world with [illegible]

Tell him - what you are now feeling in some ways like James.

NYPL

But to the Jenny ~~felt the~~ Another Stimulus was different.
There was a looking glasses on the way upstairs: one showed the head,
the other the whole body. And of the two her head only
The latter he felt saw the glistening in the leaf blanched &
hardened; she into despair, for her mouth was wide & her
head ~~a~~ not was ~~to~~ take her further; ~~the~~ but when the saw her body
in the other glass the glistening ~~became~~ receded again, &
the ~~leaf~~ was veins in the leaf began to prickle & its
~~The felt~~ green to be limp & soft: & ~~the~~ all over her
~~saw that~~ her body was then she a leaf blown by some breeze
~~to~~ made sensitive; She was aware yet; she felt it
blown towards; a The felt her body tingle; & its shape,
became evident, ~~but~~ ~~emotionally not as a~~
as a beautiful thing; ~~and~~ without its own shape; but
with another ~~of~~ is its true shape, & like its shape, & its
colour, assume that true identity which we men have
~~since~~ as it is she just unlike its visible appearance. Now,
~~for~~ be wonderfully expensive. Now to be an instrument playing
~~nicely~~ waltzes; to come into a room like a strain of music;
to settle on a chair, a perhaps go wandering through not proven—
hazards, ~~always~~ desired & followed; & perhaps when she was—
woman, the body would come into the centre as a ball
Room with a thousand mirrors, & be the evident point there; ~~it~~
Now was her possession. Now ~~then~~ a thing that could be ever so un
expressing utterly differently; Now always to be
desired & followed. Ugly though she was. she would
find, even among the verger & collows, some thing that
made her body ~~to be~~ musical, sentimental, ~~to~~ sing
Carrying into a room; sing ~~as~~ of new frocks & picnics & tea parties &
of ~~a~~ ~~admirable~~ admirable of children in the school room.
The was ~~the~~ gestures of the light in the heart: of the Jerusalem Celeste &
as ~~a~~ boys; & the doubtful confusion of fish: & Jezan,
or Delia or Cain or Sally or Rhoda.
Going ~~to~~ ~~to~~ ~~to~~ The two looking glasses

~~a~~ the verse
Cant sing her
out of the
true
shape

~~It~~ was ~~li~~
like a

~~and~~

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might reflect the whole of Jessie, & the whole of Rhoda. And they saw the reflection with surprise. They were running upstairs to change for luncheon. Their arms were round Each other shoulders.
They took a long while but dressed yet how curious that
The ~~body had no other~~ There was nothing there except the body —
no phantom, no emanation & [illegible]; Yet they were
Content with the symmetrical arrangement of eyes & nose;
accepted it; were & would never go through the pained calling
& the dances of the hagmathers or the clerks ~~in the~~ before at the
Cornish "lobby" ~~fathers~~ Come.
There were complete differences of Cartwrights between them.
When the ~~d~~ sun rose & the ~~day~~ man shouted in Shropshire,
Jessie ~~can tell the rockets go up; & &c,~~ & the rockets went up
over Jessie leaning her elbows on the window sill,
there was a curious sense in ~~her~~ of which the leafy garden
inspired after hollow yet hush as something innocent;
twisted & indifferent to the dark & the sun: ~~And~~ Never Jessie the
moment after; this vision, only half formed, was
as the shake in a wood made by curving brain is gone.
But Rhoda on the other hand when she went upstairs
was moved always turn from the looking glass. thinking
like Louis, that she had no face. Like Louis she had no
judgment. I am only a passenger. And if you insist
upon drawing me into your life [illegible] will be
discovered & you will desert me. So the Regent, pushing
the thick cup to be filled at tea, ~~but not~~. like Louis, the
~~longed to be accepted~~. And if she wrote bitterly ~~it~~
it was in prose of the ~~brutality~~ ~~brutishly~~ ~~these~~
as the ~~that was~~ Never became the Regent that
nothing ~~in the world~~ could be so exciting as to
go naturally into among them, spontaneously laughing,
jumping as they did, ~~accepting~~ Rhoda as
Jessica, ~~coming~~ sharing as simply & gracefully
in the ~~Mohammedan dress to be cut off~~ &

so pulled more, & what the actual body was but the Chrysalis.

The sea for a sea,

made by bending Jesus

worked only

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their world the thought, is the world the sun shines on. Its days were always hot; its tears & laughter hot & ready; poured straight: ~~The required they all forever engaged in letting~~ what they lifted there was heavy. The ~~grass~~ land was ~~absolutely~~ hard. They never hesitate for an instant when torments speaks. Either they laugh or they fly at a person, & hitting the table say Beg God! No! Whereas, all for her was darkness. Very much. She said to Stanley, defiantly, when Lucy was better: & talking an eyebrow back, she began to write a ~~history~~ story. that in her story the world was different. But the ~~book~~ only to animate described the ~~face~~ ~~hands~~ a ~~negro~~ some legs ~~and her hands eyes never.~~ ~~when~~ the writing was very difficult both to her & to Lucy.

~~it very like a thing~~ ~~has~~ has been ~~made~~ ~~to~~ to this

The worm was gradually getting ~~forth~~ light; ~~From being~~ ~~first~~ the
dead white tints, had purple shadows ~~the~~ ~~black~~ ~~stained~~ ~~blotch~~
was ~~broken~~; ~~its~~ ~~stage~~ ~~yellowed~~; The stage of the plate was
~~violet~~, cracked & caught ~~yellow~~ ~~reds~~. ~~And the~~ ~~whole worm~~
~~from being~~ ~~shapes~~ they were ~~breaking~~ ~~forth~~ very in Red Edema; from the
~~Corners~~ the edge & a ~~festoon~~; ~~the last~~ ~~a festoon~~ ~~flame~~ ~~there~~ a few
~~lines of~~ ~~angles~~ ~~with~~ ~~a~~ ~~in one place~~ a dim ~~pool~~ ~~might be~~
~~wound~~ ~~walking~~ ~~stain~~ ~~of~~ burning. Much, ~~vague~~; ~~half~~ ~~effacing~~
~~pulverizing~~ ~~yet~~ ~~effacing~~. And ~~as of a~~ ~~pacific~~ had ~~diffused~~
~~his~~ ~~stain~~ ~~with~~ ~~thread~~ of Colour, ~~like~~ ~~there~~ the ~~bruise~~
~~masses~~ – ~~purple~~, ~~blue~~, ~~yellow~~; ~~were~~ a blobs of colour, ~~as if~~
~~blue~~ ~~flame~~ ~~which~~ ~~left~~ ~~a~~ ~~as if~~ ~~they had~~ ~~run~~ ~~to the~~ ~~bruise~~ ~~in~~
~~pink~~ ~~left~~ ~~that~~ ~~was~~ ~~bruised~~, & purple & yellow
ran into the Edges & Corners of ~~them~~, ~~like~~ colour to the ~~last~~
~~front~~ of a ~~bruise~~. ~~The flower, was~~ ~~no longer a face~~, ~~the~~ deathly
~~white~~; ~~but had~~ ~~no~~ ~~purple~~ ~~shadows~~ ~~in it~~; ~~was~~ ~~the~~
flowers was no ~~longer~~ ~~face~~ but had ~~violet~~ shades ~~of~~ dot in it.
~~Where~~ ~~lived~~ ~~one~~ eyes ~~in~~ ~~the edge of some~~ ~~in~~ ~~one~~ hollow ~~place~~,
it came ~~nearly~~ to be an Edge, of glass; ~~the~~ ~~a~~ ~~transparent~~ ~~perhaps~~
~~perhaps a tumbler, at least a lens~~ ~~breaths~~ of light ~~upheld~~ it.
So that it might perhaps be a tumbler. ~~Sometimes~~ the
~~mother~~ ~~grieved~~ ~~together~~, softly the purple ~~stain~~; the
~~mark~~ branded on their wrist; ~~&~~ then again they were
~~dark~~, ~~smooth~~, coupled like the shells of limpets. ~~together~~
~~Less~~ ~~irresistibly~~ ~~melted~~ & with method by means of colour, & less
~~for~~ the worm very ~~gradually~~ rose thus to the surface.

~~There was nothing~~ Irresistibly then ~~both down~~
~~Rhoda~~ many of ~~these~~ ~~mothers~~ children were ~~tortured~~ as
~~they~~ ~~not~~ by the revelation which was ~~made~~ ~~to them~~ almost
daily, of ~~unutterable~~ vices. ~~Many went to bed~~
~~in them~~. The ~~summer~~ sun blazing on the ~~worm~~
~~dog~~ ~~roads~~ ~~linoleum~~ – the ~~school~~ worm, or on the
asphalt ~~playground~~, or on the long glass ~~that~~ bordered the

There was theatre, vaudeville, the walks, the ~~lives~~ of ~~somewhere~~,

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cricket field brought to light, ~~to~~ her decree: ~~to~~ her jealousy; her cruelty; & whether it was Archie & Jessica or Susan or Jenny or John or James or Rhoda & Louis. Each ~~was~~ named hugged its vile, & went off to brood on the swollen vein; the calamity increment on some stand; ~~the Hockey match~~: the burnt or bruised febre in flesh only that morning while & sweet. ~~How was the~~ Traces of these incidents were left ~~like relics~~ in the schoolroom or on the playground; here a butterfly with its wings pinched off; here a dabbing child; here a crew of ~~hahas~~ boys; here a dirty pocket handkerchief, with a clot of blood in one corner. ~~Worse than this horrid killer was the~~ Archie & Claude were happiest perhaps, because they were always down there at the nets practising that particular stroke - the one that sent the ball in one second, ~~perhaps~~ straight down an empty ~~Haas~~, thereby before the fielder, till it hit the ~~was~~ an any the crowd at Lord. This they practised ~~to~~ over & over again; & set up at ~~dawn~~ Early to practise it; & came in very hungry, made plans for huts & tents & palms perhaps, & huskies & with boating & the in the ~~summer~~ holidays. Always, it seemed

But the admiration of the Misses of Louis & Jessica & Rhoda, for ~~Sandra~~, was for their directness, their completeness, was streaked with other ~~shameful feelings. jealousy; & again~~ with mockery; & again ~~with~~ ~~with~~ ~~with~~ ~~with~~ ~~with~~ ~~with~~ naturally they began to ~~supplement~~ ~~supplement~~ unconsciously; to imagine; to suppose. ~~From long time~~, Jessica ~~Rhoda~~ walked up & down the Corridor, imagining that the Heroine & Companions were assembled & he was speaking. Jessica had saved a man's life from a bull. He gave her an address, illuminated; She mastered a horrible tube; she was the heroine of the Black hole in Calcutta - Rhoda dreamt; Jennie too; Each had only to be alone, or without ~~assistance~~ of speaking, to ~~to~~ arrange the scene; to make the crowd centre on them; to

with hats & bats

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~~Sophie~~ Louis & Rhoda dreamt; supplemented ~~them~~ ~~but~~ ~~then~~
t. Themselves in effect what was actually before them
made the most astonishing additions to what was said;
could not sometimes ~~take the~~ actually distinguish
between the real hedge, or the petit haie vive d'hiver. & some
Great ~~Man~~ Palace; some procession of Kings & Queens; the
wreaking of homes; & all the magnificence of the French Court; or
again, some imaginary more delicate China. ~~The~~ ~~Death~~
was in a drawing room; he had very intimate relations with
somebody old wrinkled & Coroneted; deriving who walked some in
from a Courtyard where they were all of the Sixteenth Arrondissement, &
Capua with him, who was in the highest degree ~~his~~ interesting
upon matters artistic. It was his dream to be a man of
fashion; dark wales, like, Colonels, diamonds, & himself
Hum: & distinguished. Namely the dream of one of those very
Ancient families, the honour and the most admired faculty of
Easy perfect Ease; adroitness; wit. His sayings were treasured in
~~Drawing room~~ ~~It was always~~ was admitted to the anti-chamber
of men like Talleyrand & the Duc de Saint Simon; held out his
snuff box; & Louis ~~pulverised~~ pulverised the Chamber; or, as a
matter of choice, led the army to victory; (it was a law in Egypt —
(strikes strange how the Khayat of France dominated him;) —
it was strange ~~to~~ how in the mind of an angular Colonial
he found ~~in~~, the awkward Colonial boy; & Rhoda never
knew what was ~~wrong~~ ~~to~~ ~~Effy~~ ~~into~~ her place in the
School among the Girls who were ~~made~~ ~~stooping~~ ~~off~~ to be
lectured to hear a lecture ~~Rustled~~ on her ~~knuckles~~ ~~knees~~
held her head a little higher so that she might ~~be~~ never the
Vanity of the Russian people. ~~Gathered~~ in the Square that
bitter morning, ~~the~~ a charter of liberty;
~~The were the Imperial Crown: the stuffed~~
Among the old pictures with ~~dog~~ damned dog.
Also she was the avenger; she was some how the woman
who saved the ~~was~~ ~~Especially~~ valiant & adventurous;
had her tragedy; was often given up for dead; rode the most

What they were holding in their unoccupied hand, with their ~~hand~~ mind. Louis was lifting a cup of the thinness French China

Effy gathering the flowers cries cheers wrote with a diamond on a window pane;

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followed her

extreme sympathy; & even as she was making mistakes in German
Grammar that she was [illegible] being observed with the
highest interest by people whose [illegible] admiration & sympathy
were never for a moment turned from her. [illegible] Rose
upon the bent shoulders of both [illegible] Rhoda raised such a
Babel, such a storm, everything was changed; & if the day
work & play, its interruptions, [illegible] was too hard for
these present debauches, woke them two often, then when
they had gained the night, & left their clothes in the door, & put off
every vestige of school day, then they were free to
pass [illegible] palace, either early Thais; where there
was [illegible] that the thing in them was freed, by that
sympathy, which could never be [illegible] there was confusion &
shame but for something very great & far spreading;
they grew there like trees, with [illegible] be tender, beautiful;
trees that had no roots; but were somehow the splendid
fragment, the apparition, the Zen blanc; the dream
[illegible] & they [illegible] lay awake, deep at the night,
under these airy [illegible] light trees, with [illegible] young with phantom
[illegible] light by from pinnacle to pinnacle. against airy
their shortening leaves. these extraordinary hazards &
pinnacles were nourished in their heart:
& twined in them was some [illegible] silver some they wed, something
made out of their own blood & desire; but lighter leaves, &
with no roots. Louis [illegible] they woke & had to
obscure the roofs & the [illegible]; they had to accept the
[illegible] that casual glances of everybody; [illegible] had to
accept the lives where the laws of making Louis was
very [illegible] cave; could not look like the boys. Rhoda was
[illegible] to the most terrible form. And Elsie,
Rose, & indifference; ah these mazes, ah these
extravagant heroisms, the cornered ladies, the Thais chins.
the stars, the cries & crowds, were locked in them like the
wind; [illegible] yet some taste would cling even to
[illegible] hair; the

of horrid Children;

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Pathy are those, wrote Louis; meaning the cricketers; because if a ball
strikes a bat there is an instant thud: a pleasant sensation runs
up the arm; the ball flies; the ~~score goes~~ number is changed on the
Morning board. But these trees ~~after~~ that glow in the night never
never let fall a leaf; never drop cast shade. Even, so pale light are they;
And yet ~~they~~ neither he nor Rhoda nor Philip nor Neville nor
Jinny nor Hugh could help it; & as surely as Jinny saw
something else in the looking glass ~~together~~ ~~her body~~, so
would her body in the long looking glass, so ~~they~~ as they formed
Louis, & brushed their hair, & went downstairs to catch a bus,
their ~~mind~~ ~~put out a finger~~ what they saw - Even the
branches - was ~~tinged with~~ a light; ~~it~~ It was not steely;
& ~~was it then~~ ~~in the~~ ~~with this addition~~ ~~more lobed, more veined~~; a
And Nothing ~~was~~ ~~that~~ ~~any more~~. ~~The moon~~ ~~was~~ like a
tea cosy against the sun; like a their ~~bodies~~, ~~in~~ branch
leafy hands ~~that had~~ got an air round it, han tolerm,
even trembling against the sky, when the sky is yellow, green,
when she able to make the leaves now seem now very nearly a
green, now iron black, & now they ~~seem~~ altogether
~~when they have a gold border~~ but ~~what~~ is what is the real
shape & the leaf?

Rolling her hands to her head (She was bending over the barley
bags washing after gymnastics) Rhoda felt that perhaps She was
right ~~to~~ ~~ch~~ the veil & the Cyprus ~~was~~ ~~dyed~~ oak. She
came down about her shoulder. There are diamonds on my
brow, she felt. & ~~going~~ into the library She took down the
works of Shelley in one volume; & ~~read~~ read about the
~~Everyone~~ ~~books~~ & ~~the~~ ~~how many~~ ~~stand~~ there must be in the
about the floating water-lilies, & read & began,
& when she let the oak ~~that~~ overhung the hedge
~~with~~ with moonlight became of ~~the~~ their own watery light
& the harlines ~~in the boat~~ ~~where a~~ ~~had come~~, ~~as~~ ~~she~~ ~~looked~~
that I might there present it — O! to whom?

more gay

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O to whom? she asked.

Here the mind of the stag old person, that is a woman, who is brooding among the torn fragments, hunting them together weaving the days as she tubs by day thought the web obscured the past
the shadow that thought among the ten glass, which a broken wire now becoming visible under the tent of thought at last
brooding: it was bent. It was tending. It was curious of some curious drift which made it turn just here, then there.
It was to study [illegible] horizon of an extraordinary omnipotence.
I am the judge. I am the seer. I am the force that arranges
I am the thing in which all this exists. Certainly whatever it
moved herein. I can give it order. Rhoda now fails
I perceive what is bound to happen. I am capable of
disposing of these innumerable children – at least mine
is the power of drawing conclusions. Here I am in the
Centre of the room [illegible] & [illegible] they come;
others, coming close, going away. Flocking round me. And
I will now tell them the story of Rhoda, for a

What indeed was the puzzle. To whom can one give things?
John had his own answer to the puzzle that Rhoda
asked in the the library of the school on the East Coast
looking over the sheets, the old men leaping on the
terrace; the mantles lower; the jerky boats; the
Cedric looking on the parade – all at a
certain distance for the school had reached utterly
cool Charleston the summer eye hill; as if
to symbolise the fierce fires that must youth all
for a season from the battle of eyes: the interveven
of The horizons came high the bay: bringing into it
an element of change, adventure. For they would
be visiting their cornfields in Scarborough, in which

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Egypt up the Coast to Edfu where the Nile lay: & to think of the
ships resting at anchor were always to think too of the ships that
were sunk. Frobus Shoals of Sea, the drowned dead, were
swarming over the ships, when they went down - How was
to think too, of the Princess in purple boots who tried to
fly the Atlantic; & was the petrol gave out - The aeroplane
came down gradually & settled on the sea - What would
they say then? They would joke. A large wave will come. So long
the pilot would say Their a death - the Princess would say Cheerio.
Yet you would be kept waiting two minutes ah alone in
her purple boots. And then — present it O to whom?

Present it to whom

John answered the question in Rugby. his nosegay was
laid at the feet of Miss Darcie. His nosegay was
of course made up of Stock wallflowers. There was the old-fashioned
English damask rose; there was some of that soft furred plant
with silvery hair; & there were also spring flowers;
& some of long straggling weed that one finds, occasionally
from the hedges for they will never look well in a vase:
Miss Darcy miscellaneous bunch, made not a tight
& stiff presentation bunch, John Jasper. was the
symbol, for — Nothing for nothing can be said there is a
place for symbols — vague though they are they have their
uses: they serve to suggest to workers in the mind the
half articulate ideas, they half state, bring to light,
& Circle round lovely & suggestive the very
light hazy ideas, fertile & receptive
the brain. ~~by which behind the veil nature~~
blending of John's preparation. Rhoda & Louise
dreamt of the Court of Marie Antoinette; of
the depths of the sea. Roses dreamt. never dreamt.

Were the symbols?

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Sept. 4th

1

81

The Moths.

The dawn was just perceptible in the sky. Nan maye seen,
At early ~~morn~~ raising her fan, so to hinder her beauty;
but that beauty was such that it might a yellow transparency
then where the sky meets the sea. ~~The lady seemed to~~
A beautiful lady seemed to wait behind the veil of the sea,
raising her fan, so that its strokes raged upon the sky.
yellow, ~~and~~ & red; but the ~~body~~ was pink, ~~under~~ beneath.

The

~~The~~ The

Dramatis Personae:

~~John~~
Louis
~~Jenny~~
Jenny
John
Mr Crane
Mrs Damer
Father
Rhoda
(Other children)

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I

"I am not concerned with the simple life but with two lives together. I am trying to find in the folds of the past such fragments as Time, who has broken the perfect vessel, Keeps safe."

~~In~~ Now there was nobody to hear these words: they were spoken, perhaps not even aloud, by somebody, whose face could not be clearly seen, in this very early light, as ~~she~~ ~~sat~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~her~~ bowed ~~the dawn~~ over a table spread with odds & ends; ~~there was~~ a handkerchief & a flower pot & a book. ~~"I am telling the story of the world from the beginning; & it~~ in a small room, where windows were open.

The Lonely mind

(2)

The Mind

~~Such~~ first ~~the thought of all this~~ was of course that whereas the parents & ~~thought~~ having forgotten their own childhood, knew there was nothing in the garden but flowers, a lawn & flaxen grass & ~~there~~ cabbages & cauliflowers; nothing but ~~the~~ babyhedges & brains answering & children assembling under the charge of Governess, wearing ash & elm the same straw hats & neat ~~suits~~ pinafores; ~~the there was~~ something very different had happened. But what nature alone had to say. A ~~flower~~ flower, and flash; some lightening & loosening, a broken window; a blind ~~at an~~ upstairs bedroom — ~~ash of the~~ like was ~~intending~~ unmeaning by such ~~their~~ obscure device, such cracks in the armour of innocence. Expand to the battery, & the Enamel, so white, so smooth on the chest flowing up in to brain, gone away; through the head & there something penetrated;

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But what was of much more importance — was the Scene in the Backwood. For there, among hopeless outlaws, Roger showed an extraordinary degree of sympathetic — Nature Magic — as if nature, which has decided us apt in our separate needs, were always Curbing all that separates, & said, If Jesus is unhappy, it is meaning that we should follow him. Nature cried Now words against the Sentence passed — Jesus is unhappy — The words Echoed & vaulted & broke vainly on the outstretched Arms. The rich heard them; — the Clemich the foreign mass moved, with the beautiful grace that was rather at a Control; but presumably that the person heard them; — Mrs. Grimes the Chairwoman & for this reason to think that any policy can be so isolated that it can, as one might coop up a Dresden china shepherdess Under a glass bowl; — Say but the last remained that there was only one receptive mind in the whole neighbourhood. what the Man felt was nothing but some vague unhappiness at the right of his child running away — some perfectly irrational Wish, For a confession such as might be expressed subby asking, if anyone had seen Susan — no, no one; & Pa was gone out? Yes, — Where? Oh there she is; — nothing more than that wound false pleas; & Except us in this one Case; Roger's Case; for his mind was so he could so much so work his happiness than a no man And so he followed, understanding, almost as if he had been a weather, or drawn on a black board — This is painful — This is actually a Knife cutting a long scar just here — (& in order to prevent

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The blood from Hamburg, he was; Brumbly over the world;
However, it cannot be denied that where many people would
have been content to say 'I am sorry', or perhaps there are
other ways than by a kiss, he had this curious fundamental
desire to say to Jessica, what did it feel like when she was
Jessica Lorin King? & to add, quite irrelevantly, that he
Cyprian had played on hood. the people dashed
high the ~~wood~~ trees with wooden ways. And
Hence, Jessica, received her first impression of something
unobservable beyond her own private fuliginous
suffuse nothing Exists, ~~Exist~~ in dusky alone: but always
Creates round it, inherently a necessary of Semblance,
in ~~about~~ some sphere. of detached from the thing,
like bubbles from a hope, take their Career Right
the peoples mind — suffuse, the Negate, others on the
proof ground, one the first principle of hope is to be that
we can are able to create, from anything we feel
positively other objects, according to the mind that perceives
them, so that Man inhabits, Eyes is subspace, not
by by for that reason thereof to make an image
of a wood began flashing through the wood.
Hence the received he first coherence of the curiously
Eschew. Confusion of Eros to moment — time Eros
moment has a thousand shades; enters into a
thousand mind, & were from them in a thousand ways.
The received & so he last first sense of bewilderment.
for what meant one thought — her, meant something
different to him — but ah the very
Shortest & most temporary traits meant of what
hastened to ~~Hate~~ in that gaze, that yielded a
Sure over the Rose, which the wave had left
for Spreading vast, when they sank; the waves that

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were many mothers & many mothers & took on death [illegible] with
the breath a child.

That was one of the things that happened in the beech wood.

But there were many other children, troops & troops & troops
collecting in cricket fields with small hand bags;
We only knew that feelings were separate.
~~We knew it was stupid,~~ We was certainly not stupid.
~~But the instinct which~~ We failed to ~~express badly~~.
see the need of expressing keenly; a thing could be born
from the seed & so through every process until it
became a flower & then fade without any actual sign
given in words; only a mother or a friend would see
that we was ten times naughtier, or cross, or restless
new when the leaves were wet her eyes glowed like
stones in a stream — & then drawn in Persephone, in the
small squares home nobody was at hand to
go translate these regrets into anything more explicit.

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a white flower charming in the strangest way on the edge of the
Great wall of sand. That decent whiteness was new brother here.
There by a mother of heard Centre; & to trace shining
Grace; like a heart of mother's heart; & the new whiteness of the
wall was its ghastly pallor, its deadness who longed with
green; as it spread over the sand it was faintly green -
blue, laced over with a cold Centre; & the weeks whose
Shadow had been to sharpen the wash were now
was new brother & longed with pink & blue & silver
all the tamit colours of watery creatures, of just that
lie in the moonlight, of the 2 white shells hanging in moonbeam,
Life in the night, of Lilies, & to all the others
white & suffering Things; & to which colour has
not yet come & been withdrawn by shock. by
bleeding to death; or by the innocence
which deals at a white power.
But now it was
broken by a
The white flower chimed; & some stir of air set the
Curtains swinging, & the light on the Cobra, & a
the knife & fork was broken, as if, at
some faint jerk had come shouldering its
way through the air, & had dislodged it. & dust
waves rolling through it - had dislodged the
Coolness of the dawn; & not withheld over the
black & pink & made the back, look like
Something that has fallen through the sea;
like something just come to rest; very strange
fine wires, flashing of fins, very fine & thin,
as fine & thin as the hairs on a babies head,
fell through the air, &

a faint
Carmelian,
a pearl of
almost
marvellous
pale. the
Clasp fairly
upon a
work of the
finest fine.

upheld on a
pillow of
water.

last on the
bottom

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wavered through the air. bent & shortened, caught at the chair back, as the turkey flew, & made another thread in the table cloth, a finer stitch needed by a long thin needle.

The folds

Mr Crane had the expression which to bring a sense of security to parents. Gilda's mother, Stowar her the look he shared with priests; Stowar the look gone when he had washed his hands & the beginner it seemed at about the age of forty; had made a bonfire of his own hopes & weaknesses; & had gone upstairs & put on a collar which had no blush in it & seemed to fence him round, from ordinary intrusted life. ✓ make ordinary needs appear rather dangerously often to inspection; & But then his nose was so pellucid, his eye brows so black, & the cleft in his chin ~~supported some~~ so much like a ravine - all these outward signs of innocuity; from the but & they were corroborated by his manner which said You may wander a Stowar this intimation, that he had bathed - reframed, that he had clothed at the town pond. that he had cut some point made a bonfire of all the cards & lady in his pockets, that gave to parents, confidence of sharing their children, this, a sense of security. It may have been merely that any one who spends half the year with Lady grown boys becomes keenly only half a lady; worked up, inhibited; - Mrs Farmer had the advantage, which gave her, as wearing a dress that she need not change her clothes in order to express her exuberant vitality. her dresses

What was an unbroken white wall;

so like a ravine as this Lane, one hot afternoon, from astern.

as for homely

or again,

difference

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naturally flowed over her in a natural veil, seemed to obliterate whatever natural products her body might have made; its dense & assistant sum lovely, a woman made for love, flowing serenely over all those angles & round roundness & hollows — ~~& ears~~ that of dove grey. On the top however, was her ~~beautiful~~ wavy white lace; her ~~beautiful mark~~; her heavy lidded ~~darkly~~ eyes; ~~for they seemed~~ basking in the flame of silver candles, of all that burn steady & Clear & yet lustrous in the great languages of the world; for she was a scholar after her fashion.

as in its love known as its verse for her,

& unbothered

Dr Crane marched up the aisle at the head of the throng on Sundays looking like a warrior who has been through many battles, ~~& is now immune~~, a look in his ~~hand by the brass~~ eagle to lead the lesson spread when it back. His voice rang out. But it conveyed his contentedness the sense of battle & victory It mixed with the creak of the rusty water pumps: it glowed & ~~the top of the~~ the flowing ~~spring~~ of the air, & the leaves, ~~that the tree~~ & the dance of the butterflies there it glowed against a menace up. Roger, letting rather for basis in chapel & that he could see an elm branch out of the window made many Voices or phrases about the Dr. rusty pumps; it & the mixed wings of white butterflies. But then, if one matter a phrase this absolutely necessary to send it bowling ~~through~~ along another mind — he projected & twirled; & longed for the time to come when, he ended by the, he could put hold of somebody's Jacket & begin talking — And this he missed much of the high Emotion which Lewis, who had

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indeed the world follow the Order of Nature, with the tips of her
fingers forming across the haze, & back again, ~~the~~
which her amethyst ring seemed to throw a faint purple light
upon the Light world — ~~Gradually through the room,~~
~~For this reason perhaps her~~ austerity seemed tinctured
with something sensual — ~~as if one had laid hand~~
on a bunch of grapes ~~in~~ hung beneath the
~~Cool~~ green beneath the green leaves —
purple, like a bunch of grapes ~~hidden~~ hidden
under the ~~hot~~ green leaves. ~~Indeed~~,

~~Before they noticed~~ They engaged in making themselves
& her Considering very good humouredly what wine likely
to be the taste of the Doctor's daughter
if she ever had a hollow sight for example when her
father was not looking — Kept mind much of the
time, of the high emotional tension which Louis felt —
Louis, the boy whose parents were in Australia;
The boy whose baby belief was that he had
lived say a million years in other characters, as
~~before~~ in Egypt, India, or Jerusalem, before
~~he~~ further unfortunately his metabolism had been
broken up: he had been woken: he had been made to
assume a particular shape, on this great spot, &
precise moment. It was new, altogether during
The natural term of this life, forced to ~~act~~ be Louis
And what is this 'being'? ~~He is the first~~
~~before~~ to be aware of heat, cold; of light & dark; & sweet &
bitter, & then can raise ~~Consciousness~~ Core within,
in which sensations attach themselves; & then a
Globe above, here in the head, behind the eyes,
which are these sensations perpetually reveal:
& then, the Globe, though these attached with a

what

suggesting

But her austerity re-asserted again

a sucked peppermint for all her long negroes & crossbound prayer-book

They engaged

for the next two or three years

the core transmits pain to a centre

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far greater number of ideas than Man knit, must ask the same
to put them together that one can
& then his Centre has to ~~Combine these~~ try to put them together into
some coherent order — when suddenly there is a violent jerk on
the back of his neck. Cra a little fool had kicked him.
And then how does one act? One should be able always to do
something dignified like other people. Here Louis would
furtively glance about him to see how other people act —
& would admire in the most servile ~~Dickensian~~ grasping
way any one whose admirable red cheeks ~~they~~ his
who hit balls almost as far as they did at Lords —
& then as if to Contradict & Confuse No sooner had he
~~restored them~~ committed this act of gross servility than
he would be seized within by such a contempt for the
Whole of the multitude that he would ~~not~~
~~tell them up in beastly~~ Condemn them to the hot:
he would exalt his own crude, hideous, illiberal
parvenu, contempt, brand new, ill mannerly
face — & ~~despise the English~~. And that day,
there ~~this~~ remained an infinite number of questions —
heavily he would hear, the long Tradition, the deep cut
Grooves, And then, looking at Dr. Crane in the
pulpit. he would Consider with the utmost nervousness
the doctrine that he was embracing; & then
was nothing but the wild laughter in his
dark eyes to show that he was convulsed again —
& again perhaps, ~~whether to~~ doubtful,
tortured by the need for action: while, like a
peach held in the sea, not a very elegant, ~~a~~ dark,
Conrad like that might the air but entered his flank,
pierced him, & made him more & more restless
flash another message, another message.
another message to the mind, whose duty it is

and pretends to manufacture his Lords prayer but really finishing Each other's Thoughts,

Such he thought their Conspiracy them with the

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far greater number of ideas than man wot, must all the same
so put them together that one can
& then his Centre has to ~~Combine these~~ try to put them together into
some coherent order — when suddenly there is a violent jerk on
the back of his neck. One a little girl had kissed him
And then how does one act? One should be able always to do
something dignified like other people. Here Louis would
furtively glance about him to see how other people act —
I would admire in the most servile ~~Aristocratic~~ cringing
way any one ~~of those~~ admirable old chaps ~~by~~ who hit balls almost as far as they did at Lord's
& then ~~as it~~ to contradict & confuse No sooner had he
~~bestowed this~~ committed his act, puts revolted than
he would be seized within by such a contempt for the
Yahoo-like multitude that he would ~~not~~
~~tell them up in beastly~~ condemn them to the lot:
he would exalt his own creed, hideous, illiberate
paysanne, untaught, brand new, unmannerly
race — ~~& despise the English~~ And that done,
there ~~He remained an infinite number of questions~~
heavily he bowed him, the long tradition, the deep cut
grooves, And then, looking at Dr. Crane in the
pulpit, he would consider with the utmost nervousness
the doctrine that he was enforcing; a Then
was nothing but the wild laughter in his
dark eye to show that he was convulsed again —
again pretending, ~~whether to~~ doubtful,
fostered by the need for action; while, like a
peach held in the sun, not a ray of light, a dark,
Could be that Night She ~~was~~ but entered his Head,
pierced him, & made him more & more restless
Flash another message, another message.
another message to the mind, whose Duty it is to

and pretending to manipulate his Lords prayer but really pointing Each other Higher,

Such he thought them Comparing them with the

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but things into coherent order.

Meanwhile ~~unknown~~ until he was somehow rendered unconscious, unknown, by these various judges; - did not create a good impression; so that he was thought a shifty little boy; a prevaricating, sly child; a boy with an extraordinary sensibility to language; but a prig; a

Mr

And then looking at Mr. Crane in the dock he would consider with the utmost seriousness the doctrine that he was enforcing. Only of course there were grave doubts ~~There too~~ ~~There were doubts~~, there was something of one looked at Mr Crane; there was something that made one laugh; & his eyes, though the autographic letter expressed ~~wild~~ to ~~complete~~ Willems was ~~glare as a fact~~, perfectly grave, rather pale, not without determination to understand what was happening expressed wild laughter. ~~An odd little boy~~; he made no acute impression ~~upon the master~~; differed - whether he was a prig or a genius; a to be duffer; an odious little telling sneak, or a the contrary a boy of great promise, who only & of the most exquisite sensibility. He did not create a good impression.

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would listen to his warning warlike words, & wonder.
His large brown eyes would ~~beg~~ fix themselves on the doctor. He
had already a severity, an intensity of expression which were
remarkable with his boy beginning, & he looked like a
young hawk; & suddenly a wild laughter filled his eyes, as if
the hawk were soaring into the air — But
the trouble was that he, the different of his different
faculties, his movements, his pride, his sensibility, his
lack of physical training, served his unalterable fitful
temper to render his impulses, motionless, as a boat might be kept
held just by the force of different currents so that
he suffered tortures, held passive, unable to act, violently
the sun, & the wonderful & happy boy & loud noises,
& the daily misery his peculiar & the beauty of
the world, in the cast oddity of some grouping seen in
passing, in queer combination, rendered him
his sense of human misery & capability, his
all playing on his work-increasing heat, as his
body grew, & flashed stricken & stricken messages to the
brain - served to keep his molecules, incapable of
action; undecided, like a boat held just by the
pressure of different currents, like an a ~~steering~~
fish, beautifully striped & mobbed, who cannot
make headway against the streams ~~but keep them~~,
~~grow into the intricacy~~ - He was he
suffered acutely; he left himself derided; his
father was a Bank manager in Australia; he
spoke with a colonial accent — his mind he
did not create a good impression, was thought to be
not altogether straightforward though extremely a
long agony ~~unusual fifth~~.
innumerable like boys listened

at what
one could not
say

at this
feelings,
sharpens
him &
making
him more
more acute
& the truth
&

shaping
him,
cutting him
finer -
finer
more
more
angular

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Ux ~~was~~pressed her lips, which were already a little too narrow, & was filled with jealousy. ~~The~~ unpleasant feeling, largely physical, ~~as if Envy were~~ like burning, or sickness.
Jean, the child who had planted the laurel hedge & seen Louis & Jimmy Keir, sat at the ~~new~~ schoolroom window in Knockshiel with the great lilac tree in flower, & felt as if the were ~~going down into the sea~~, a dive going down into the sea; & the ~~tide~~ ~~were~~ currents were making the rope twang & shiver; the currents of jealousy & love. ~~But though the feeling was~~
But then, she had no gift for making phrases; & Louis was beginning to show "great aptitude to quote from the Ukrok Ukrant, "~~for~~ some ghi translations ~~of~~ show a real gift for scholarship". ~~Moreover, he was interested in~~ ~~theology, &~~ Ux's jealousy ~~therefore was~~ was ~~to some degree rational; her~~ instinctive; differed from her's. ~~And~~ Roger, ~~as it seemed~~, was entirely without jealousy: he — ~~at these words were~~. To his mind was

Jean below were the sea, & she was in

then;

& ~~that~~ as f

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Rogers was the only one perhaps who had no desire to be alone;
for directly he was alone, everything weathered & felt that. His
body then weighed on him: he felt in his knuckles: There were
only a few miserable coins & a lump of chalk: Life was
meagre & bare. He stared vacantly at the sky.
~~Sadly~~ Even nature never reflected anything to him — the
hills: the trees, the haze of the marsh seemed to him
nothing could be made of them — He was bored, he was
relieved. Red Boots might be fellowmen, or the beech
tree might be an oak for anything he knew.
But directly he saw, crossing the field an old bent workman
~~Coming~~ on, with his dinner in a handkerchief, he eyes moved
together, & speaking with perfect unconsciousness, he moved
to learn what was in the handkerchief, & ~~how old~~ stood listening
to his stories of the Mutiny or the Crimea, till they were all
told. And then his tongue, like a snake running
through rungs, would make up a sequence of
different kinds of sayings, & so order them that they
became very much more of a whole to listen to, in his
way, than to hear said merely; for his voice added
some relish to them, so that they
add to them; ~~but~~ rolled them into bubbles, what
floated & or carried them into boats, made
like atoms so that he held the little toys round
him, with their chins propped on their hands.
Louis stood apart surveying the scene, & analysing
the parts of what it was that Rogers did.
And sometimes Jasper, the stern real like boy, who
seemed to eat when the squat book of knowledge
like an ugly human thing, with one slice, yet
he never said anything memorable, — he drew near to

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groups of bobbin boys & men loitering, as if waiting to see whether there were anything there that served his purpose. But what purpose had he? What did he seek? His eyes were often full of mockery; of mockery & anger; of jealousy & anger; of love & mockery; ~~Sometimes~~ often they were clouded in a dark stare; they looked indifferent, wearied, sick that the world displayed & then suddenly venomous, & ~~about to~~ like vipers about to ~~dart out & attack them~~ strike & sting; & then the person relaxed, & he fell into the mood of letting things take their way; & turned to Joe Roper talking, kindly enough; but rather as if he knew all that he was going to say. For And then, as if touched by the sapping mouth of some insolent boy, he gently took him under, & he was very kind. He had no malice then. He seemed all kindness & gentleness, leading the little boy away into the corner of the playing field, to sit under the shade of the hedge.

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would ~~make an exception, a retrievable~~,
take it up into something annoying, memorable; a story of the day.
Words were more real to him than things; He read life mostly
with his lips.

And now an odd thing happened. ~~The sun~~ The sun had
risen sufficiently to strike a hole in the wall;
to make a bowl of deep light there; an extraordinary
light green, blue, hard; Now a looking glass - a
round looking glass, very thick & deep. And one might
think then that there might
~~a bowl like an eye~~. gathering darkness deep

And Roger thought;
And Jane thought: he was
And Rhoda thought; ~~we are~~ these judgments are all
hopelessly superficial. When we are alone in
bed for we Crane, Mrs Farmer much that we
could not say in public. They began going over the
things they had noticed; as for example; we deep.
Roger had been running along passage & had seen Mr Crane
playing tennis: his clothes were off. He was hitting a ball.
He was flushed as he was for exercise - the exposure of the face -
The man jumping - the man running - the man
escaped from all the pettiness of daily life -
handshake, regulars, entirely engrossed in
what he was doing - & no more to be
said down in little stern than a spot
forked in a web. But was clear to Roger

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That the impression he had then was quite different in nature from the other-less tangible; not at all amazing. Besides, the impression which came on to cry inwardly, one is ashamed of. It comes home to one too close. This loving people is not a thing to scrutinize. The life in people, their feelings, that is something alive on the I don't know how to express it, he thought: somehow he saw again something stirring under leaves, life: that life was in us like always containing boys and girls and Louis too, Rhoda, Susan - suddenly glistening the most unlikely places now the same thing moved overcome them - that life was more just the same sense: as how should they express it? One Rhoda would lift the lid from the butter- dish as if she were to come like miraculous Ibsen. Or look in intently. Thus that there was something The introduction to life had been made: but, at magnificent in what she did

for Miss Parker had been heard, holding a house maid; very ill-tempered. And then after the scolding, the voice was hoarsely unhealthy - well one doesn't know what to call these things. One doesn't know how to express it. And the moment would be connected with the symmetry of the tall gentlemen-dust. One do can't let fly this big straight. And moreover the very sons lovers the sense of Louis, however, Rhoda, were distinguished from the others by their determination to find not to part with this sense, indulging big, if they cared somebody help it. Hence their stark angularity Their silence. their difficulty?

Began with this phrase about Toledo - a web.

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man-deplorable egotism. Stammering, more inexplicably
than French, that was so humiliating. They made confidences
said they to grown up people - horrible to remember. And
~~poor people call childhood happy they forget~~
However one day there was a great affair in Cobden
Crescent where Rhoda, the ~~flyaway child~~
unruly child, lived with her mother & grandmother for her
father was dead. It was Early Summer; ~~a leaf~~,
a long strong of leaves hung down the window;
& a strong of jagged leaves, veiny thin, almost transparent.
And the wind lifted them. They might have been
attached to her heart. They blew out; they sank back.
And the whole other life was before her. And we
had only to be good. The same thing happened to Jacko about
the same time. But in his case it was different - it was
a boy playing a horn outside a public house.
"I shall be a great poet" he said to himself,
staring at the dusty pavement, which fell afterwards
remained in his mind.

The Angel standing in the middle of the Drawing room.

Appearances were no longer enough. The snail, the
butterfly, the green dust off which one could scrape
green dust, no longer loomed large & larger till they
filled the mind's eye & were seen along your
fibre. Messages were no longer burnt upon the
innocent ear by a branch still against the sky;
by a shaken leaf. Things no longer happened
outside their context. They spilt out

The Seasons.

Childhood.
Maturity
Middle Age
Weak.

Th

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~~And the~~

~~And this time the~~

Roger.

Louis

Rhoda.

Jenny

The rest.

Roger was a man who kept a shop?

It actually ~~his name~~

The mind that thinks.

NYPL

22nd Sept
1925

Chap. One.

There was a sound of some one moving a shuffling; an old man moving his feet. The kettle steamed a little gently. Nothing more could be seen.

Through the open window came the sounds of very early Dawn, faint rustlings & faint stirrings & then a Cock crew like a shout of hard won-red water in the white tide. The light moon was too young & thin to throw much light into the room, & the flame only showed the table with its crumpled cloth; a flower pot, a book, & the plate & knife of last night's Dinner. Some rather vague, apparently very large, yet indefinite figure appeared to be seated at the table with its head bowed, & its eye bent, like an old man or woman, thinking very alone, in the depths of the night & yet; so dim was the light that the figure was not a figure but only a tent shaped shadow, a ~~it was~~ it like that at the foot which over presides over an old fashioned bed; like hands folded in ~~back~~ the figure of Buddha; Perhaps it ~~was simply;~~ Perhaps was made of white Curtain stuff, or perhaps again, for one could scarcely distinguish anything, there ~~seemed~~ was something, a couple of eyes, a mouth, a nose in the hollow; ~~eyes bent~~ large eyes wounded under the eyelids the eye covered with wounded eyelids & bent down.

made ? certain;

A but the hollow seemed so deep that anything might be concealed

Some bird fluttered out a few irrelevant bars & round & blank that all

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~~Certainly the~~ There seems to be beginning or endings of
meaning every where. & in this dim light one thing very
Easily resembles another. The look of the table cloth
Gradually the waves lay low. The innumerable furrows
of that broad Sea were like ~~the rays, or perhaps~~
Perhaps the Medes Horses; & perhaps always the rising light that
showed the a vast waste, a sandy waste a hard illimitable beach,
white as a bone, & colourless as ~~paper~~ with low sand
dunes perhaps, or again they might be ~~banks~~ of Cloud.
At any rate there was Sea on the horizon: & ~~a~~ faint ~~band~~
the horizon ~~seemed~~ some light, or ~~some~~ flame of colour
such as his very eyeballs took in ~~glass~~, thick glass; for
perhaps there was a castle at the ~~the~~ Edge such as
there are ~~the~~ beach innumerable multitudes of
little bald hatted ~~people~~ ~~bobbing~~ balls, ~~which were~~
rolling about on the vast wrinkled white bleached desert—
for so it seemed. Nothing grew there. A few
withered clumps there might be of ~~thorn or thistles~~ or
~~thorn or thistles~~ or weeping trees, such as have been
Eaten by the camel, & rasp by the salt sea, &
have words for camel, & barnacle. Shells for
flint. & The twisting babies — for such creatures they were.

beneath

which were
used to

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black cup

there & there were the beaked rocks, ~~was black~~, rising up out of the sand, luminant widely. ~~Such a sound~~ There was much ~~the~~ commotion however on the sand; wriggly, writhing twenty; as if ~~the~~ But the extreme quiet & loneliness was disturbed by the The little bodies, wriggled & formed & twisted, curiously mobile & restless, ~~the~~ energy, ill-directed, shooting out arms & legs, — for there could be no doubt that these whistle & spray, these pinkish balls, were, now that the light burnt a little greener, clustered, new born babies, forced by the from the top of the wave, cast off by the suddenly & the sea — To a sardonic eye — & ~~pinkish~~ these were an eye in the hooded figure at the table — nothing could have been more ridiculous a base than these worm like, eel like, baby creatures yet blindly infinitesi & violent actions of these little bald ~~heads~~ limbs. And soon the beach was covered with their markings. Now they were staggering across the sand, & leaving last proofs, the toes of one touching the head of another ~~who~~ as across ~~others had been before~~ a white ~~an immaculate~~ ~~the~~ blank sheet. its blankness. There were innumerable foot prints; the first proofs innumerable children, ~~skeletons~~ bubbling, bubbly walking every where. The beach was black with them. Many ~~mothers~~ More must have been many mothers of Helen, Jones, Margs, John, Hazlitts, Ellens, Decks Hughs, Charles, Dorothys, — to call them by their names would be impossible. And how discriminate? Physically there were no means to bar a shot on the pink tissue; ~~no~~ covering; no hump or tail or beak or claw

Jostling out or jostling huge.

Every wave had resembled every other wave, & cast its crest of it with the same impetus, save that some, ~~for reasons~~ had rather higher velocity than the others ~~had~~ & threw their burden farther.

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"The wife of John Ryan a Son"
"The wife of James Burns - a daughter"
On enquiry, I was started that Lady — & her baby are doing as well as can be expected - The child weighs seven pounds: And of course it was might be that the child was first seen by the Father lying among pillows & blankets, or it might be that he was told by the Mid wife on coming home from work, ~~on which case~~ he ~~would~~ ~~at the usual~~
~~Such were the~~ Some were proclaimed in that fashion.
Others ~~had no~~ went through no such ceremony, ~~of identification.~~
But no such identification. A Midwife, handing up ~~such~~ whatever instruments ~~as~~ she had required & mounting her bicycle left the cottage to attend a case of ~~pregnancy~~ forged paper in the next village, & ~~left~~ a ~~paper~~ on the Kitchen table for the father coming in for dinner. A Son or a daughter had been born.
~~And anything then all depended on the mind in the hood.~~
And then In this dim light we may very Easily suspect another. The creases of the table cloth might be waves endlessly rushing & falling, many mothers, & again many mothers, & behind them many more, endlessly rushing & falling, & Each held up an ~~it~~ it round it cross - they stood on the shore a child. From the beach were ~~washing with~~ black water them. There was The ribs of some old boat, tarred & sealed out when the shore ~~on~~ had perhaps lay on the sands & the weld sea holly blue as steel, grew among the ribs. The children Past for miles there was no vegetation, ~~no life, nothing to~~ breath ~~the desolation, but the~~ & no ~~life~~, & no ~~life~~, & no Ships, ~~no~~ even, coming in from to shore; There was only ~~the~~ Cranes Crambling & turning & ~~@~~ Gentlich wings of flint; ~~There~~ such a night as might have given to a sad mind the most dismal premonitions, & only one strong desire that the

Sand, mailed

the white foam of the wave;

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wave might dare to toss the shells & spray on the land; or that another wave, as high as a pagan wall & as black, might advance remorselessly & irresistably & cover the whole man & huddled city with a dark & deep tide. Against that could be no struggle. Then all efforts at discrimination would be useless. The sins & sanctity would & obliterate for ever all distinctions; If the or pachaches - Lady Macjo to whether that were a College Chapel, or that a lace crowded church, it would not matter. On the other hand, this sadness might well [illegible] (according to temperament & breath) to a [illegible] a part of sanctity & devout that only [illegible] the sea should survive: the mighty, the fickler, the ten thousand. [illegible] which [illegible] had been ground & rolled at or the cobbles at the bottom of the Sea, until jealous they had none. between of hidden glen, [illegible] labourers, factory workers, miners, & thus were now right that they should enjoy their freedom, liberation, to make their basis talk & dance, in the Mr. Macaulay, Cat - depended on the observer.

Through the open window came the sounds of very early Dawn, faint twitter of faint sparrows, & then the cock Crew like a shout of hard red water. the whole tide. But the sound of the sea went on, turning the bubbles one way, as it came in, turning them back again, as it went out. And thus it could hardly be different, even by the most violent change of barbarians that they would ever alter the difference against what they desired would make an perpetual of the sea. Granted that there are

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might sit, day & in, day out, with his head bent, looking like a
Curtain folding its hands glumly over an old fashioned bed.
& ~~But~~ Very slowly the light increased. It had been a dull
green below the horizon like the green on an old bottle, of
thick glass. Now it was ~~this~~ not that; it was rather as if
a woman were raising a fan ~~colour & they were~~ fine to hide her
Own beauty; ~~&~~ & they reached ~~raged~~ up, the great flakes
& the fan ~~raged~~ up, ~~waved~~ be ~~green, yellow, red~~ many coloured.
The lay couched beneath the horizon, thunkous, a lay hid
limbed. The raw & coming down from the sun they
Something bolt adventurous, a daring she raised her fan
to cover her beauty; ~~her coloured~~ fan That coloured the
Sky west rays of blue. ~~The sun~~ Gradually the room
brightened.

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while the ~~Sea~~ Sea went out & rolled the pebbles over & rolled them back ~~over~~ again, breaking over the beach & returning ~~back~~ to the Sea.

But the light which had been no more than the green light in an old wine bottle Cooled in some deep cellar increased.

2

The light came gradually into the room – one shaft after another & languid tides – last touched the ~~walls~~ & the Green Curtains, the which, with its curves & hollows, ~~its~~ its green background & some red ~~flying~~ insects ~~suggested~~ flower red tufted bird made a garden, where the trees stand round in a ring & make green air, violet air, red & orange air, as they spread their awning; ~~&~~ maybe a bowl for the summer flies, & the bare whitewash; ~~&~~ with innumerable bed, strayed as domestic, ~~as~~ a nursery wounds. Said Mrs ~~Kirk~~ ~~with white teeth~~; & a tigril. The wall was a vast nursery, ~~piled with white sheep~~: — the ~~the~~ starched aprons & frocks drew ~~more round~~, white towers ~~Clothes~~, milk & white china; & then again, there were some blot or chip in the plaster. ~~Nothing~~ like the Stain of ink which ~~Antigua~~ the ~~School~~ ~~some~~ small a naughty child has made by ~~to~~ throwing a pen in a rage at some hodgepodge head, by flashing the pen into the ink pot. ~~Look~~

Look what ~~you~~ in ~~have~~ done, dear, Martin Rogers, said old Nurse Constable, & indeed pretended to shrink to the master

The tide went on monotonously enough, outside, ~~the~~ the pendulum ~~of~~ a Clock ~~thythmic~~, deadens; & the waves ~~the~~ beat ~~of~~ some vast elephantine foot, upon the shore; ~~the Hippos~~ ~~of an elephant that~~ like the knee of some dark marble ~~upon~~ a Statue

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which it drives for ever into the ground.

Roger, of course, was among those who would have names; who in time to come make ~~left~~ very affectionate lectures of old Mrs. Castable, ~~as the~~ Eating her ~~dinner~~ sandwiches, during her mending over the nursery fire.

Albert was among those who ~~hang~~ have ~~hanging~~ for a job at the new Gander at the village school ~~learning~~ began by doing odd jobs at the Rectory. And no eye, ~~could~~ if indeed the hooded ~~Cantab~~ Shaped Castanet Moth bewitching over the tube in the early morning light Castanet moth Holds something bright, ~~green~~ like a green eye in a Case, Roger where father ~~king~~ was a retired civil servant; Albert where father was a Cowman. Their paths branched off as soon as they could take a step in any direction. Florrie was a ~~Dorothy would both~~ The same thing happened with Flora & Dorothy. They would be going to schools in Switzerland about the same time that Florrie had ever set for the first time as kitchen maid to Mrs. & bring Mother to very severely by the cook, cried all night; & was ~~then~~ dismissed with a scolding. No one could follow Lucy ~~which~~ like that, ~~water~~ - with out the intention Wandering on, the ~~pe~~ which makes the Eye Sqeeze & see only a ~~pe~~ be, an outline, an edge, of drawing Compasses - tearing three rounded & entire figures as if they were ~~silhouettes~~ cut out ~~paragraphs~~ merely; one being half obscured by the other.

And then the Lady, Lucy crashed just beneath the ~~steam~~ ~~green paragon~~ Sea where it met the horizon,

Contrast
Rougeroom -

That fine Lucy is
Rather a Moth
in a Case,

which
is sometimes
stamped on the
walls of a
Case,

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without a great effort to control their voice ~
~~visitate~~ which gave to what they said a
unpleasant tone of effort - trying to stay

because his father was in an office; ~~who~~ & ~~he~~ had an income of perhaps
two thousand a year. Then, when he was a grown man himself, he
would return rhetorically to the subject of his childhood,
& would recall old Mrs Cornhill, mending stockings
& telling with her child-like minute particulars over the nursery table,
but when it came to speaking her language, he ~~spoil~~
somehow got it wrong, & was forced to ~~coin~~ ~~a correction~~,
to saying "Lawks"; ~~for Lord~~, for instance, in an attempt
to be for a moment ~~what~~ like Albert, the coxman; for,
Albert ~~Hunt other~~ ~~way of speaking~~, violently ~~but~~ hitting out
in the trash among the sea hollies: ~~who~~ ~~by~~ ~~vagabond~~,
after a short time East school, ~~by having~~ odd jobs at the factory,
~~Cleaning the boots & knives~~, ~~feeding the chickens~~ & this
~~afforested any~~ ~~had a method of afforesting~~ had never had an
'old nurse', but could speak that particular language.
~~unattached~~. was put Albert, who would look, if you only saw
her hinder a crowd, ~~and~~ like ~~Shin the~~ ~~an~~ tiger; but
had then there was a hatch in her flowers, his heart
were Hubley — He was apprenticed to a ~~just~~ Calais lace
& Linendraper — No simple person could follow two
lives so opposite; could speak two languages so different;
The light came gradually into the room. There was
the big dormitory a nursery, the white mounds all in order;
Wounded & mouths, the fingers & the white arrows, &
Scorched print dress & innocent almanacs & glossy
pictures ~~cut out of the~~ illustrated papers: There was
The trash where some child had thrown them.
Then ~~in~~ the market ~~sounded~~, went on pounding
it's stake into the beach.
And there now appeared among the curious marking &
shadows streaks of shadow, as when the curtains made a
the window till long clerks had pitted under ink lists,

on his
upstairs –
chestnut days
Drawing in
Plans & bees,
mending stocks.

Long hours at
the village
school &
then Jim

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long desks, at which children sat, long lessons in rows; learning the
with th alphabet or the elements of grammar. Roger had finished the
title she now write with. Louis, the solemn boy whose
parents were in Australia, lisped his lesson with
deliberation; but what he wrote was from a clear;
Rhoda the
with their heads turning slowly from side to side as they wrote.
their eyes
If there had been a watcher in the boarded tent, like a shot eye
from over the well of a face, it would have detected
Certain details; among all these certain details of
colour, clothing &c: some curious resemblances.
which some tents boarding three or four children together
some principal affiance. They were all, at this moment,
of much the same age — 5 or 6 - & in England;
& there was a neatness & cleanliness about their
Knickerbockers & pinafores which so cheated the poet his
the last already stated — Roger father had two thousand a
so year: they would Whatever other differences
there might be, it was certainly true, that such
cleanliness & tidy & calling of shoes, & fresh ribbon here &
blue there, & grey flannel, & locks with bright
parting & them & well cut hair. & clean
locks — none of them could ask this came of
pass a little hoard of gold; was the of
like Roger's father, fathers who were in offices, or banks, like the
Australian father of Louis, the little deliberate boy,
with legideys & very slow movements, tagged in
the a professor in a was were professors in
Ute agged in some less definite manner across the sea.
Not There was nothing disgraceful about being

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very vagrant

born in Australia. Tasmania is a new young Country, populated by men whose fathers had too much sense to stay in England -

The sea washing its pebbles over & over, could be heard; the Stamping elephant; the thumping machine, the regular breath of some vast animal, lying out there. Breathing softly peacefully as if with a sense of the weariness of the light came gradually into the room - the lady lying Couched just beneath the sea where it met the horizon lifted her face -

(Turn to page)

NYPL

Then there was Jasper, who the Hon Ed like boy,
with his dark hair, & deft fingers; Mary, & Jenny. No two
~~Children could be more different than Mary Jenny & Jasper;~~
Their father, too, had money; but otherwise, who could be more
~~the~~ different? Jasper, Heir as an Earl, already
planning through his book ~~like a~~ as if his mind could cut its
leaves, & ate them, with a scarcely an effort; & Jasper,
with Square & solid, handsome, decent, liberal; formed,
with her deep eyes & blunt tipped fingers, for the silent, the
to mean children, & he loved by poets & painters
inarticulate emotions; And next her, Susan in progress
enough to see the other ~~long body~~ ~~like this angular~~ shape,
of Jenny, — who had some angularity of hers, — her nose
was like a beak — & redness of lips & paler of cheek
which seemed to promise a broken jangled increase
melody, like that which the wind makes tinkling against
glass — And there was ~~Barbara~~, Charles, Rachel & Dora,
fair, & Hubert & Dorothy & Ernest & John &
Felix & Lionel & Winifred & Edith & Jane,
& Edgar & Percy & so to so many others
that the long dusks drowned away into the darkness
to a hum, & still there were more children always at
them; & more children, not always at dusks, but
[waking up plates for the cock on the scullery,
Clancy Knives; pretending calves & driving others
rather very elementary cows in a lane room,
playing elementary games in bare yards, & doing odd jobs
in their spare time like minding babies or
carrying parcels — to attempt to count a name or
classify all these — would be impossible — There were
both a ceaseless flying & tumbling, an agitation of
arms & legs, & an opening & closing; ~~staircases~~ running

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the Heavy of Gulling latches &

up staircase, children's figures running ~~then~~ in different directions, till they were mere specks. ~~Brakes & fight dogs~~.

Had there been an eye in the draped tent, shadow, the shadow like a tent, like a figure seated with clasped hands in profound meditation, a ~~magpie like~~ saint, a ~~a beggar~~ by a dusty road, ~~used~~ ~~burnt~~ by cold & heat, with a bowl agria & a loin cloth & thin outstretched hand; had there been something within that ~~could collect &~~ ~~made~~ attempted to collect & order, it would have been distracted by this multiplicity, this diversity, this apparent reckless cutting into that lengths of the long string, so that there was no continuous thread that one might draw out & cut through one's fingers, saying monotonously & methodically, this is it; this is it. ~~The light came~~ ~~gradually into the room~~. The sea could be heard washing its pebbles over; ~~saying its~~ the mallet could be heard thumping; & thumping as it drove its stakes ~~& again thumping~~; into the sand; ~~&~~. The light came gradually into the ~~page~~ room, as if the lady lying couched on her sea bed in her nets of ~~green~~, just beneath the horizon had lifted her fan, ~~& that~~. pale, a cold ~~& pure~~ ray ~~up into the air~~ rose over the sea, ~~Entered the~~ & ~~fell upon the~~ made an alabaster pale over the sand, ~~over the~~ rocks, over the extinct tube of the something green; in the room: boat, & touched ~~a the~~ something green & sloping like the folds of a hill, like the ~~folds~~ the ch smooth sides of a valley, when all the ~~sheep~~ ~~that~~ sheep are ~~fed~~ pale within the pale of their many curves, handles, & their many backs seems like many curves, rhythmical, orderly; like waves, ~~grey~~ silver grey, moon lit, curving, & ~~then~~ over them all rises the young moon; ~~in the~~ ~~green sky~~. ~~It touched the curtain, it~~ ~~& the~~ in a calm sky, in a sky

in commonly with

beating the mallet drove its stake into the sand: A

a pale pale like ja the scales of dead fish,

lead in adv,

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Meanwhile the sea could be heard, washing & pebbles over, & the mallet
with regular thuds drove the stake into the ground. There was a
heather, like that of an enchantress in prayer, whose mind
Even in dreams, goes pondering over broken ground, like a
Lenches, trembling, a troubled breathing; Her - Then the lady, bewitched
green hillocks beneath. The sea, raised to ten - rest a while
Past & light up the sky. inland, tawny & thin. & suddenly
brightened something green in the window was something stirring
like the leaf of a corn beginning. Was Eden ordered? a
garden? a great lamps & an enemies? a Cave
of pure light, with Every roughness melted in it, from
their heart, a fragrance, Flowers such as the feet
of Eden must have been, before the pebbles were the sea
Stone, or bark, before there were or any hardness in the
Centre of the heather; but all was ripe & soft?
Moss a garden, & the corner of a garden; tender
& those roses, the Cambraka bay, stood, while the other
Children hooked & entwined & skimmed the flowers bed
with their butterfly nets, under the their broad leaves,
Which webbed like boats great ways, but green; & in the
green of any grass flowers, like fabulous fish, very big
transparent made of bright wax Flowers made of pearly light
The blood there, pressing the hollow tube of a stalk &
making the stalky drops ooze out. so that the sticky drops
ooged. The blood there in the middle of the heath,
& thought fantastically, how he was rooted there,
Lost with roots that went down to the middle of the
Earth: & how went down by the eye, roots too so that he had
seen the pyramids & buildings; had always been; was not 'I'; was
was not able to move from one foot to another
had no connection with the hand that held the stalk,
which ate round him. & Kennedy & Lucasta like the

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night & the swallows. The thin skimmed & circled into deep
hollows, into grassy circles & up trees to the very top, perilously
[illegible] on branches & [illegible] dainty: & many tales on the
branches loosed their bottle: [illegible] among the dapples & rising
leaves; he stood there, drunk, [illegible] pressed the stalk
of delicate white some worm stone, where none has been eaten
off by the innumerable hole — when suddenly flames darted in, &
kissed him.

with her pulsing red

The rain at the green light her cotton frock diamond-
stamped like a snake's skin & kissed him. Made of
dust & leather on the ground, yet strewn as of a white,
jagged & red hot, from a vial. Came bolt had struck him on the
nape of the neck. Then the rain began pouring —
huge hurtle harbours of rock crashed magnificently
on the sky. Vast drops struck the banks of the leaves &
made dents in them. Storm filled the air: the
[illegible] earth was ravelled with white streams; lightning
flashed. [illegible] struck [illegible] lying inside
the tube formed a [illegible] thick button at the end of the stalk.
Yet he had not wished it.

suddenly

NYPL

He had not wished ~~to be woken~~; he had not wished to that
Leda should thunder his Eyes, or that Eyeballs should fill them, & that
he should feel his his hand holding a stalk; & thus Cease to be the
hidden ~~& soul, Content in the~~ Core, buried in the Sand, Centuries of the
Head of arrows & ~~the~~ of ~~all that goes on, in the~~ what - & of some
movement in the tides by the Earth - of some Conformity &
purpose & mixed reason & steady beat & increase & fulfilment; abou
~~ask, Gods~~ & of turning [redacted] three sealed up fates: De
ius, ~~who~~ at this blew on his ~~neck~~ cheek it ~~was~~ ~~Honoured~~, this was
word; ~~he~~ it breathe from him; he ~~Heaved~~ out, ~~gave~~ in his Grey
Hand hut; & ~~the Storm the world~~ felt from ~~him~~ &
tearing off this magical ~~shape~~ ~~this Emperors~~
apparel, this great Globe, he was merely a Utter boy
here, now, on the hearth, ~~But what was Light~~
The Kind him; Then they took a twig & dammed the
Stream ~~& got~~ & made it flow through banks mud banks
There ~~were the rocks~~ was the Garden dent; There were the
Urns Then the Earthenware hot ~~with~~ a hole in the
bottom; There trenches were given: then bright apparitions
decked the moment.

However, even the Sun had ~~fooled~~; ~~the~~
blue a Clap of Thunder had rolled away; the
its vast ~~its twin halves, rose~~ like a ~~of~~ vast Egg,
Cleft in two; Each ~~half very dark~~ and he stepped,
Louis the little boy whose hands were in Contraction:
how they dammed the stream, & made it trickle
through a Hill; & ~~the~~ with a stick to float on it;
Squeaky down the wet Earth; & they chattered away
about a ~~Ship~~ my ship & your ship, & one was a
Steamer & the other a Clipper, & they were Sailing
~~Each then to go to Constantia~~ both going to Australia.

& his feet should be separate ~~but~~ instead of one
from touch of them;
but to hear
Arrows;

Lost

(he woke up)

the other shone
its ~~great~~ two sides
opening & so
softly asunder,
in that
Clap of
Thunder;

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to hunt it
together
with the
other hare

Jurau hunted the Laurel leaves & saw them. She saw them Kiss. Then,
carefully bending back the leaf, ~~she had~~ & Even serving them
Lilock hat, so that it again made part of the close green
armour, She Rode away; She Knotted it up in ~~the~~
a coloured hand Kerchief, & took it away — She took this
hand, Harp-Cornered thing made by the Kiss — & wrapped it
up & took it away to some Lair place where no one could spy on
her. ~~It was very hard, like as my Cornered;~~ — ~~It she could feel~~ She
Rough her pocket-hand Kerchief. She ran, had the
Heap
Seeking where Flowers was ~~Something something~~ entrance into a
Jourdan, & She down the lane, ~~into the beech wood~~
And feel had
had it was
& many
Cornd
across the field, across the Common, into the beech wood.
~~The wood close over her head.~~ There, after a moment, the
Great wave closed over her. First it was Shallow, here on
the out Skirts where the dead leaves lay; & Then, very on,
down the Rope, the green deepened, the water deepened;
The close Earth. Like a diver, under the water holding the
handkerchief with the stone Knotted in it. & She stumbled &
fell over the root of a beech Tree.

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Then, after a moment, to make sure of her deliberate, she undid the hard, many-cornered ~~stone in the~~ thing made by the Kiss & laid it on the ground & looked at it. ~~It~~ Then turning ~~to~~ her great ~~tears were in her eyes~~ ~~her heart seemed to stop~~ turned to the ~~dead~~ beholding her tears fell. ~~She felt~~ her heart ~~aching~~ her; why was she deserted, why was she neglected, why was she not loved by anybody, & what cared she cared do. ~~& her face~~ her face the torture that wracked her. ~~Each~~ The trees rocked down when her ~~tears~~ the wind blew among them indifferently. Resting the heavy ~~indifferently~~ ~~There~~ bore on the earth, ~~opened~~ to her view lay ~~jealousy, hatred~~, loneliness; ~~but what he meaning or the sentence~~, lying on the earth, like a many cornered stone, & the wind blew among them ~~resting~~ the heavy indifferently. ~~Jean~~ ~~Then what one foot down on the world, the Serpent, &~~ the ~~She~~ ~~His they were~~ And the tears blew along in the ~~in~~ ~~Hair~~ fierce ~~battle~~ beat on her; & what we suffered, was covered over.

But she had not ~~read~~ ~~heard~~ known, that when, she had cried out, I am unhappy, by the thick hedge, the echo, not a word, for she did not think, but her clenched penalize, her whole face, her ~~heart~~ heavy & deathen, had broke on the antlers of the horn. ~~raggedly~~ darkening Florrie ~~Thieves~~ the Anders caught her; & the cook, & Mrs Clements the nurse mistook with her aspen hair & her beautiful trembling voice; the words ~~antlers the horn~~ ~~darkened~~ ~~I am unhappy~~, ~~broke on the~~ nothing - a child fancy hat - a quarrel - the heat - they only received ~~half a sentence~~, a broken word, a word like a wail - ~~what~~ Roger, ~~she~~ received the tenderness entirely - Susan is unhappy, follow her; & so

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knowing away the ~~Rush~~ Very wood which he was hollowing to make a
Ship. he followed her ~~as if he had been a Pirate~~ with a very Near, &
had to stop ~~the Boat~~. became, ~~as like a man in the Woods~~, he
& was currently reckless, meditative, disinclined to gesticulate his wife,
& apt to make phrases, ~~&~~ for instance when Mrs Cornbutt
She had not thought that the ~~air, sweet the~~ Cry I am unhappy,
will ~~search each leaflet~~ make the air a Column the air,
~~not~~ break it up, ~~and~~ it ~~tingling & piercing into~~ ~~it made penetrate~~
Arrows, ~~&~~ into Crevices, ~~which pierced into~~ far away & hidden. of different
minds, ~~causing to some~~ making some ~~happy~~ uncomfortable;
making others, ~~some~~ making them ~~think, if they are~~ as if
they had a Libel said on the Role of the Shore; ~~in making~~
others but no they can not read it off in words, or
attribute it to its ~~Power~~ Poet in out mists own words —
& ~~to~~ use it to ~~something the heart of the night, or to~~
~~some very~~ the wrong Cause; but now & then, meeting
some receptive mind, ~~the cry I am unhappy is~~
~~last~~. Every word is accurately recorded, & the message at least
written almost in Jule; — as it did ~~to~~ in
how, when Roger heard it; — so that he knew among his
stock he was hollowing out a boat, & started off,
with a chip in his hand to follow Jugan; whose
Cry "I am unhappy" disturbed him. He found her
sobbing in the beechwood.
He said, 'Ah! Estelle' ~~he said to her.~~ And he put back Jean to
~~for~~ There was a clearing in the beechwood; ~~& at the~~
~~beneath the hill~~ & beneath, at the bottom of the slope Nest,
lay an old white Country house, like a toy under —
glass shade, with its conservatory & its orchard; its
Lawn & its flower beds, all as serene as if there were
the end of the 18th Century & . . . .

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& a coach would come bowling round the drive, & the steps would be let down, & a lady in hooped silk, leaning on the footman's hand would descend. Let's explore it would be a great lark, — Great Joke, Roger said, to go down & explore the house, for nobody had ever been there. It lay beyond the rim of Knowle. All anyone had ever seen was a high look at the Crows wood, hearing 'to Elveden?' They went to Elveden & saw a lady walking between two wonders & gardeners bowing the lawn beyond with great bowing: stared by Stable boy who came out to the yard & frowned at them, & frowned at them

They ran back again, into the wood, & looked back down at the gilt clock; & the green table roof, & the sparkling conservatory flaming in the sun, & Roger

A pigeon clattered out "beating the air with wooden wings" — Roger made the phrase, pulling Jacqui's hand & looking back; looking back, looking down, at the stables & the trees lawn, the sun Jacqui saw them sparkling & strange. Looking One saw them through the leaves of the extraordinary shells, cushions, cyclamen, snapdragon — Then she had her baby on the grass; Roger came; Let's explore he said; & like a tiger breaking; mighty had rolled — & she had her head & heart & mind & light & life & love over the wood & the, touched & flung. had looked much-loved Emerald, ch- Heather hedge, it's bracken & thickly water & all her limbs had flown Roger he — I

Poetry Beauty the air with wooden wings" he said again, dreamily looking the phrase, and that the tiger had flown away, & wanting to hear the lonely echoes of his own voice rolling down the valleys ejaculating foul. He finished all Jacqui's that laughing

& Wounded a Head at them,

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~~Her was made loss & free;~~ Harriet,
leaving her green & soft, hardly no hope, no hope dry & dry,
but ~~where the~~ astonished, & amazed at what happens or can
happen of somebody coming just from behind. She Roger: ~~then~~
when the had May, (as made shrieking) many comers, lie on the ground:
comes up behind for ~~then~~ age he says ~~Can he the had hid~~ & they talking
back & he says ~~Lets go here, but his very comfortable~~; &
~~that he has come there;~~ & then one goes Exploring: & then,
~~whether he did~~ is this way in which he said, "beating the air
with wooden wings" — when the higlon flew through the Rees.
& ~~the birds of London~~ age sees Jenny lie down there, ~~Thread out on~~
Elvedon, ~~over~~ its wops & Clocks, & ~~was then~~ soul & Rogers,
are ~~Cut out upon them~~, Elvedon, as if they were rising
fresh, hitup, & then one ~~has~~ gone together, with Roger, Exploring —
No sooner, however had She made this discovery, than
~~Cassethere~~ She was haunted by ~~by what~~ he said about the Magpies ~~&~~
~~dis wood wooden~~ wings: were wooden, & that haunted her;
~~it haunted her~~ that he should say behind, hurling at her
~~Water~~ herelone to look up at the higlon. ~~She did~~
She did not know that he wanted to hear the cowboy
Echoes rolling down the valleis of another. The
Could not carry even one phrase, about a bird,
whole in her mind.

The ~~Green on the Curtain~~ The green light on the
run the horizon thickened; it lay like ~~the bright~~ an
green edge of glass. Cold ~~as~~ the ~~sea~~, ~~It~~ The
light on the Curtain, & in the room, where the
Jugwis, ~~of man or woman~~, sat ~~listening~~, the
& the noise of the ~~sea~~, turning pebbles ~~one~~ one way
~~and~~ & ~~Steve~~ or, tary them again as it went out,
Wounded ~~under~~, it ~~broke~~, ~~scarce~~, as if Each wave
had ~~more~~ a weight behind it, & & reached in so that

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the sand castles on the beach were overflowed & their moats filled & their drawbridges overwhelmed & the last tuft of sea weed on the tower drowned. Here a fish stranded on a pool cast up by the tide; & a line of black pebbles, & cork & straw & an empty bottle made a ~~line, boun~~ wavered line on the beach, as some high shallop had bounded & its tide had crashed & its cargo been sunk & the sailor who was the only crew had leapt overboard & swum to shore, shaking the water from his hair & ~~throwing~~ up the cliff. Rays of crimson & yellow began to spread over the horizon like the feathers of a fan when some tapped woman raises to shield her eyes to screen her beauty, yet the canvas for her keeping one, & on the looks. The green & the horizon deepens to blue.

In the room where the shadow sat, over the table with his flowers but & the knife & fork, the light increased a little, very gradually. One bud on the plant that stood opposite & shook out a flower, green-veined, pale shaded, flowery, as if the effort of breaking through had set it working & shining on the edge of the petals was found a curious manner; a faint carmine, a heat galmost miserable pale, a hectic flushes or breaking against walls of thin china-

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into my ~~a faint~~ strange music. The uncomfortable & dishevelled dawn was rising; with its vapours, its unformed & disfiguring mist & here & there a ~~flash of the~~ chia of pale ~~grey~~ green or rose. Memsby had a precious view. The ~~crocuses~~ ~~had~~ grey birds, who had sung by fits & starts, ~~here & there~~, hushed, & ~~then~~ ~~without making any~~ utterly, a few notes together, without forewarning any sense of benumbedness, nevertheless ~~seemed~~ ~~as if~~ ~~suffered~~ ~~to~~ sang together now & then, & with energy, not Chirrup, as it ~~is~~ in a brisk fever; & ~~then~~ hushed them.

The intolerable length of the morning
That very morning when Jenny Kennedy ~~Rhoda~~ had to finish her ~~sums~~ to finish, at the ~~foot~~ long desk, which with its ~~white~~ ~~dark~~ ~~ends~~ ~~holes~~, or ~~ink~~.

The intolera

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the unbearable length of the morning, – its dreadfully dullness,
pervaded the Shadrons with its long ticks, – its yellow walls
& where Rhoda sat ~~drawing down her~~ trying to make the
sum ~~book~~ came right. Everybody had gone out & left her alone,
Every thing in the world had vanished; ~~Even~~ the sounds were dulled,
~~Even~~ the light was dulled;, Dogs barked in ~~the~~ ~~distance~~ woods
far away. Glazed maps faced her, – a ~~scale chalked~~ some notes of
music chalked upon a blackboard.

In strange wind

Some notes of music chalked upon a blackboard. She
~~used to~~ repeated; & ~~then~~ a faint smell of green cooking
Connected ~~dimly~~ with the ~~mens~~; & a man's voice speaking in
the kitchen, & the clap of ~~the~~ door when ~~the~~ Eliza entered
themselves, ~~imbedded themselves~~, became part of, notes of
music chalked on a blackboard, & it ~~became~~ strong, its –
the cedar-room clammy wood, like that which
~~was~~ a ~~bottle~~ of something that has ~~made~~ to be kept
~~from melting when you take it~~ away & the word
(Chalk! ~~Was~~ ~~The~~ unbearable ~~tedium~~ ~~of~~
~~waiting~~, ~~in which~~ with ~~was some element~~ of loneliness a terror
vacancy in its vastness, – ~~it~~ for ~~the~~ ~~made her feel~~
~~rose over her~~ ~~but~~ built themselves ~~slowly~~ ~~arches~~
themselves over her: flashed like the awning of a hole
yellow tent; a ~~thick~~ stuffy smelling tent; ~~yellow~~
~~everything~~, tent smelling of sawdust, yellow, ~~everything~~ wet,
~~All~~ a tent all was the colour & glazed maps, the colour of
~~paint~~ chalk; And the rat alive in ~~the~~ seemed down
in this vast stuffy ~~thick~~ smelling ~~tent~~ world with ~~a~~ fear
Hastening Cancer rides ~~on~~ to ~~invade~~ her ~~bones~~.
while ~~away~~ in a hasten word behind the doors that shut in the bedroom,
world drops vanished. ~~The~~ ~~be~~ ~~very~~ ~~room~~ There
began ~~to rise a cave~~ The sides ~~of~~ the ~~room~~ began to
They pushed back
~~stiffen~~; She began ~~to~~ feel ~~an~~ ~~thing~~ ~~of~~ loneliness here
in the tent, & how ~~her~~ she was left alone in the

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mahoneless wood, which stunk of cabbage; conspicuous by
its massive incomprehensible figures. horrible & cruel figures;
the was curious that the odor then thereat offended a little man, who
turned his face, & spat way his, & he set cabbage — but on
record before this, as it hastened her ~~eye~~ to look at the clock, &
the vast white face, with its dark & bare ~~features~~ made her think of
deceit; of ~~treachery~~ land; & of dark caravans adrift among
wastes of snow, & of the solemnly hideous & difficult journey
of the ultra arm, which was the minute hand, from one
quarter to another, the minute; & perhaps, the ~~thyme~~,
forgot all the clock, tho there is something I can get hold
of rather different — ~~the hand~~ there was a solemnly intent
gradual advance of the ultra hand, into holding unfathomably an
its course, while the great hand went so fast a distance and
terribly — yet the little hand kept on, all the time, covering a
very much vaster space; very very much the grand & steady
plan, — while the big hand swept — in short the
fore the little had taken while her perfunctory & ~~was~~ was making at a
character for them; & ~~had~~ the minute the thereat were not
large stuff. There was something solemn & affecting within,
which was began to flitter into the fences of the yellow away
blackly, the world dog barking in another world & the word
Chalk on the beat of the darkness 'notes generic
Chalked on a blackboard' & the cabbage boiling, & the man's voice
Close of the bedroom door; until the moment formed
the book her hen & drew the figure 3, very
word a to contain all this. in the round loop.

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Suddenly as she closed the door of the figure in ~~the door~~ a
She had a sensation of appalling density. She heard time
beating, she heard the world outside ~~dissociated~~ her
Centering all movement existence & consciousness into complete
indifference to her own person & body. Sitting at the table.
There at all was, in her fingers; & ~~she seemed to have no~~
all power of movement; & by any action the world, her
movements were all ~~all~~ indifferent, she had no existence; She was
like a leaf ~~blowing~~ blown about; & all was vain; & worthless
& accidental; & nothing that anybody could do had any
importance ~~any more~~. ~~People~~ Colour all voices were hollow;
all people unnatural; & straws & dead leaves blown
about par this awful globe, confused & eternal, which the inner she
Keeper of, became ~~more & more bleak~~ & became more & more
centered ~~& rounded in~~ The in the loop she had drawn — here
Centrality the ~~door~~ wind blew the curtain, & a faint light, a light with a
Knee, knelt on the floor ~~as~~ & the table. The last gust
before the dawn to fell, a light knelt on the floor & Table;
a gold beam; & ~~deft~~ clasped her heart into joy.
It knelt on the floor & the table, & ran a thrust up the
stained yellow wall.
And then ~~her~~ Mrs Bugg came in, & it was all over;
They crooked behind her into dumb, & her body very
grave & heaven until they were ~~forcibly~~ lifted again & it
buried under, the ~~blue~~ & the world hid in the loop, &
All covered; all very brutal: Thunder blew like leaves as outside it — & the
Kneeling crown crooked light, myopic with dumb, & lost,
She went out into the garden, trying to remember
Again, what the Hunter was, about
And then, ~~when night came~~ ape, ~~perfect, the Mrs Gal like bugs~~,
She went out into the garden, which was like a lamp of
Emerald, melted pure, by the great heat; ~~that was~~ into the

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gardens with their green blades that the sun made flashing on the curtain;
that rich & intense colour that fell on the dewy roses, when her
lovely lighted her face, & set my heart up like sleeps there, & across the
dewy beach, where the children had tumbled, like rays of
transparent matter; where the thick lustre had spray & shells
& caught up the cliff with a spray of some bitter herb between her
teeth.

1

2 reduced

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& reduced them to something like a saloon, like a flavour
no longer whole & entire, leaking out, when they were cutting the
roast beef, in ~~the Dining Room~~ & making it all seem
~~very strange~~ unreal.

There was the garden. There was the emerald that in the
blobe of the ~~the~~ Curtain, ~~that~~ becoming greener & greener as
the lady ~~lifted~~ her fan, & its ray went up the sky & across
the desert beach. All roughness had been burnt out of it:
~~in the intense heat~~ transparent bubbles ~~that~~ floated, ~~&~~
~~the~~ black, purple, rose, ~~in~~ that intense heat; &
there, rooted to the path, Louis ~~or~~ went back, ~~to the~~
standing, without ~~any~~ eyes & ~~no~~ feet either, to the
pyramids & to the women carrying red kerchiefs from the Nile.
~~But then there would be a sudden~~ Then per the Nile boy
stole one night, when the moon was up, down the
silver slopes, & coming out among the apple trees,
~~saw a branch~~ saw every leaf ~~dark~~ black as iron, against the moon.
& ~~At last~~ ~~found~~ that he had heard & was
& thought suddenly, Death

The unhappy man, he had heard them ~~saying~~ in the kitchen;
It was his wife's fault ~~they~~ - ~~a man~~ he had killed himself.
His body had been found with its throat cut. And, unable to
quit his feet he ~~had~~ stood, ~~staring~~ there, looking at the
apple tree; & ~~stood unstanding~~ saw nothing could avail,
nothing, to remember; ~~at the moon~~, ~~unremarkable~~
& its blackness. & the moon whiteness, & humbly there, so small, &
the dead man, ~~all~~ & the remembrances solemnly ~~the~~
whole ~~happiness~~, & how none could speak,
& ~~the~~ to ~~and~~ they lifted their hands ~~to pain~~, & ~~stood~~
~~against the~~ & how useless it all was. & the whole
apple tree ~~stood~~ all night, ~~whatever~~ & the
stood there all night - all ~~that~~

flashed & flowered.

Saw the leaves of the apple tree

She went on in the hedge there,
Carrying something, revealing
Something: as bud unfolds petals;
Woven in her breast-bow;
In her own heart under her frock.

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And then seeing the arch little girl, scrambling down the path,
crept to find a ~~hiding place from~~ a place to hide in,
Dess · crept into a hedge & there on the bat waiting
while the Men went past, She saw ~~all~~ the leaves shiver
& ~~they went on~~ shiver, without any wind it seemed &
& so ~~it went on~~ life went on; morning stirring; life stirring in her: yes: but outside-
Shaking & Throwing, Something, nothing.
And Susan, ~~was~~ ran past the hedge, & heard
~~nothing~~ but a Growl under the hot hairy plants, &
saw the life of the gardener boy ~~drawn together like the beasts legs~~
~~paws~~; — here was love, here was death, here was
life Shaking & Throwing new Something grew nothing,
in that green spot, in that Garden, where all roughness had been
melted; & new stars flash as iron, ~~under a shadow~~, new
~~the stars were bare white~~. ~~&~~ white; dead white-
With Pound up like a bag;

~~It~~ The light came into the room; fine gold wires of sun
as fine & thin as the hair on the head of a very young child
rent & shortened & caught on the chair backs & made
~~it~~ stitches with very thin long needles in the white
linen of the table cloth.

She went on in the hedge there,
Covering something, revealing
Something: anyhow engrossed;
Even in her breast-bud;
In her own heart under her frock.

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And then Jenny, the arch little girl, suggesting down the path,
proceed to find a ~~hiding place from~~ a place to hide in;
Drew · right into a hedge & there on the flat waiting
while the Men went past, the saw ~~and~~ the leaves quiver
& ~~they went on~~ quivering, without any wind & seemed
& so ~~it went on~~ life went on; morning stirring; life that was in
her: the: but entered -
And Susan, ~~soon~~ ran past the hedge, & heard
~~nothing~~ but a growl under the hot hairy plants, &
saw the life of the gardener very ~~drawn together like the muscles of a~~
~~face~~; — here was love, here was death, here was
life shaking & showing new something new nothing,
in that green spot, in that garden, where all roughness had been
melted; & now was black as iron, ~~under a shadow~~, now
~~the stars were bare white~~ white; dead white-

~~So~~ The light came into the room; fine gold wires of sun
as fine & thin as the hair on the head & very very tiny child
rent & shortened & caught on the chair backs & made
~~it~~ stretches with very thin long needles in the white
linen of the table cloth.

Shaking & showing, something. nothing.

Pressed up like a cat bags

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towards the clothes line,

And there was Flossie, the kitchen maid, struggling away from him;— ~~there was pursuit & flight;~~ & there were cabbage butterflies Wrestling together in the kitchen garden — there was ~~ecstasy &~~ flight & pursuit; and flight; a Ecstasy, ~~struck together~~ like a Monkey beach,

Here then in the garden, with all roughness melted out of it, was something going back to the under earth to the beginning of time To the ~~prehistoric~~ ~~Isis & the women transgressors~~, to the Pyramids; something Curious & the Humour, which did not want ~~to be~~ ~~to~~ come to the curtain, among the flower pots, like ") (": & there was life, in the ~~low~~ Laurel hedge, the leaves quivering in ~~forbidden~~ vehement ~~any~~ wind, & showing something & hiding something; & there was the world roaming in the hop of the Azure sky, & a there was love, ~~the~~ ~~attracting &~~ Cherished, ~~towards~~ ~~with~~ ~~him~~ fast hanging a Shirt on the line; clothes line; & death; against the moon, ~~on the~~ Silver Roses, ~~very still & perfectly indifferent~~ very sad, very indifferent, standing out there all night. while the man lay sleeping ~~with his head out~~ in the dark hayloft.

The deepdark & darkness & vassalty & in the shade room & the world roams Compact

Then cold were of Jim Shrimi, Jane at the hair on the head of a very young child Caught on the Chair back & made stitching with very thin needles in the white linen of the table cloth. ~~The head was~~ Shrimi ~~bowing his~~ If there was a peeping there, & there was some eye, in the ~~brim~~ hollow of the tent shaped legging, which like a ~~the~~ ~~that~~ of moss hung very down a Cavern, it might have seen that the beach where Whelk men had been the white ~~whelk men~~ as a dead fish, ~~as~~ a ~~of~~ China plate hanging in moonbeams of ~~dry~~ ~~lonely~~ ~~this~~ ~~bleached~~, blue bleached, blue to death, whose innocence has been sealed tight at its source, ~~this~~ It might here seen now that the desert which ~~they~~ was ~~brothers~~ by ~~the~~ ~~of~~ mother of pearl lustre. The rocks ~~with~~ ~~red~~ ~~them~~ ~~in~~ Were dark shadow. Some ~~of~~ air set the curtains breathing, sighing; ~~in~~ ~~of~~ the garden ~~men~~ ~~was~~ working, & ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~sold~~ ~~waves~~ light which ~~in the~~ Midais;—

~~a~~ head ~~red~~ fingers ~~in~~ him

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left on the table, & on the Knife & fork, wavered, & some giant hit
and thundered its way through the air. dislodged it, & made
the book & the knife & fork, look like things that had
fallen through the depths of the sea & now sat on the bottom;
And so the garden was pendant; & swung in the air, as the
breeze stirred the curtain, & made ~~it~~ the pattern on it
~~dff~~ change. The garden swung in mid air; & there revolving tables,
at which innumerable children sat day runs, with their
bright ribbons & belts; & their innumerable names, ~~many & strange~~;
for there were millions of Helen, Tom, Mary's,
& Lionels & Dorothys & Ediths & Clares & Percys &
John again & Thomas again & ~~so many others~~, that
~~the big desks papered away to a point~~, & ~~#~~ still there
were more children, minding babies, fetching the wash,
taking place, when they left school at the rectory, getting
attached to mothers, & going into business & doing
accounts — all this immense variety of ~~things~~
& this movement of arm & leg kept perpetually changing.
Florrie, who had been Kinder the garden by Jove, the
Knife ~~head~~ boy, was caught by the waist & dobbed all
round & was to be decimated, but was pardoned thrice, &
then made lonely sick ~~another time~~, by Eating the
whole fat as a ham.
ate. She had never tasted anything so delicious. ~~At home~~
There it was, in the larder, great lumps of heavenly fat.
In their extraordinary ~~pockets~~ were ~~two~~ they were strewn about
like that — Gold watches were curled up in dreary tables — &
~~& silver was~~ ~~Some~~ women brooches were heavy with
half crowns; ~~& there~~ were lots of currants were
left on the floor as the work had been making cakes.
Compared with life at home in a village, without drains or
water — every drop had to be fetched — there was no
larder — this ~~was~~ so the ate the ham fat & was
sick in the night & Thus & so was scolded again. The was
half a savage; but she was all the same, very affectionate.

were legshed out, dishevelled; hose or vanished

respectable children, &c

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to a house of ample volume;

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& so the ate the soft delicously flavoured junkets ~~Fish~~ fat & the ham & was sick all night.

But the A certain beam like a wand & ruffled, very lustrey & very fresh, & dazzled, as if by a lantern, & struggle-castle here & there, on the floor & the walk, on the curtain on the ceiling - Jenni one thing in the sunlight resembled another. Her dreams were the very ~~brilliant of~~ evening; but extraordinary radiance in the darkness of the London night when the lamps had halves & coffers, & the pavement were yellow, & there was no ~~sound~~ wind whatever. The folding doors were flung open, & there was a round on a white cloth; a great tree, very opaque & green; & on the ~~tree~~ white balls of blue light on it; ~~very~~ people young & old with stronger on the ends of sticks; & then, people clasping hands in a circle, the children went round & round, ~~& clasping hands, & then~~, & round & round & round, & the noise seemed wholly to a pirouette, & like the heat & the noise seemed wholly to a pirouette, & Jenny ~~also~~ was dazed like a fairy, & held a wand, ~~and~~ Nothing would untie parcels; & then when all the floor was covered with paper & the children were pink & white heated, & there a branch of the tree had caught & there had been a awful moment when Jenny cried, because there was no present for her & ~~then~~ one had to be made up in a hurry, giving them a little clothes for Archa, to Elly, to Joyce, to Jenny; but somehow Louis, whose parents were in Australia, was forgotten; & in the midst of the Charades & hunts, & the ~~everybody~~; & in the midst of the Charades & hunts, & the there was the blade of a knife, which, the shadow of darkness which descending made all that stillness hollow. ~~And~~ as the descended there ~~it~~ triumph; & what green intensely worse, & hamelessly beyond any depths of humiliation & glory, was when as a last woman, Hetty hung without a hand, gave him a lemon Jack Jones the top of the tree -

But the Spanks distant. The garden growing far away;

Great dark thumbs

& where fingers began.

to a round hot red

Where the shadow of a shark in Clear water)

$\frac{28030}{8,400}$

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half way down an abyss: to have green intensity
The green intensity of the garden hung half way down an abyss;
& the long dormitory grew only white Wraiths, & the
Arabs & ink pots & blue, & carbuncle; & the Copy books
destroyed, torn across & thrown into dust bins; & with all
them lost books & that Snowman blot, which receiving a
little encouragement from Bowlby, the Gardener & the Gardeners wheelbarrow.
[illegible] Then, among the folds of the napkin There were Wraiths,
It swung in mid air. It hung there, halfway down in the abyss,
& wound at random wound & dwindled; & the reed wood, & the
[illegible] hats. with the brown hats, & the larder, with the
silver handled grass, & the ham, & the Christmas Tree, & the
the light that knelt, like a crack of gold upon the wall,
& the Volume heroic unregarded Menats handy the clock ff.
At that moment, when this The waves were could be
heard pushing coming in, & forming cut stanchly & the blank
& the Head of the Charred Elephant; & the blank
meets the hand, & the ridiculous Cock bubbling over like this
full egg hard, red, bubbly over in a Carlade; & then
a Thrush hesitates, some bird that comes close to the house
very early when the blue first dawn is on the bedroom window & the
Cooks fire Mother in the Chimney, began to sing, among the
leaves singing Ecstatic & rapidly, & coldly, yet not without a
[illegible] beneath its blank mutua, & the sweetness of the
Cos sing among the Something Dream beneath its blank mutua, & Something the very kindly
Wraiths, but, gradually like the a cartoon of the waking Eyes, the eyes that
open upstream in the bedroom & on the stage left on the
walk; the enormously westward, another day daylight, moving
Bernard said to Susan, the beechwood
Owing to the proximity to the house, there was something
warm in its song. Bernard said to Susan in the beechwood,

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Bernard followed Susan into the beechwood. A chip of wood was stuck in his hair; there was one crest that never lay flat. When he had to write, his forefinger as well as his forehead were always smudged with ink. And when old Mrs. Constable scrubbed him, he forgot to wriggle, but looked with philosophic humour at a fly trying to detach one leg from a web in the window corner. Instead of scampering away – like Archie, or Charley or Ted, or any of the other boys whom Charley boys whom he knew, he minded, he pondered, saying very gently, with sweets, "Poor fly, Look down at the fly, look at the spider" – & he compared that to the fly the web must seem like a vast rope made of white Elastic. And then he imagined that the spider was astounded at the last gasp from hunger; & here came the fly, as it might be a leg of mutton.. Anyhow, the fly must be watched, a story made about it; & he would be late for tea; & he would come in when every body has finished; or perhaps he will not come in at all. And following Susan – for she was a spider cutting her feet there; & in order to prevent the blood from staining he must run after her – he wished very much to see the "Shadow of feet like when you pass Jenny ? Louis Kenny ?" ; but he did not say it, he thought it better to explore. he said. They had better explore. And then he said the fly that Susan could not understand — "The trifoon Clattered through the trees with wooden wings."

And then when they had gone down to look at the spider, him,

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Emily

two brambles that had caught together

Strikes the moment with her discovery that he felt what he says

as if the words were full of hard thoughts to come; "marvellous events."

had nothing ~~overcome~~ to say, feeling when he sat by her the presence of something ~~entirely~~ to her simple mind, ~~and~~ - ~~there~~ nothing could be done except by words to her weight & their fullness; their tension, ~~as~~ relaxed by him ~~how~~ they sat there, hunched & ~~clasped~~ - his ~~step~~ ~~hooking~~ his ~~laced~~ ~~them~~ - yes & Even the tears, even his ~~staring~~ apart of some ~~bramble~~ - ~~they~~ There things were ~~the~~ ~~Goodacres~~, ~~Carried~~ ~~Carrying~~ ~~from~~ for ~~that~~ Entire & simple feeling, which had between them. Then, having ~~let~~ all this come forth, as it could come, & ~~Communication having ceased~~, & his body ~~began~~ feeling again separate, cold, & some curious discomfort - as ~~if he spent~~ ~~there~~ coming from being separate again one, made him say to her ~~de~~-explore - & ~~they both felt~~ there was something new lying down there beneath them - a place no one had ever visited - a ~~little~~ clock, a lady read sitting between two Windows - ~~garden~~ ~~green~~ full something ~~flittering~~ & fertile, & ~~so~~ & now & more - more was promised, & so, ~~raptly~~ stirred & ~~willing to wait~~ make the moment endure, he had tried to say ~~his~~ strange ~~surprise~~ the ~~prison~~ mask - ~~too~~ heavy, too ~~Mistress~~, ~~clapping~~ ~~its~~ wings above them, ~~at~~ the ~~lean~~ ~~of~~ the ~~lean~~ discovered; ~~& startled from its hiding~~ - ~~but~~ ~~for~~ Jurgan was ~~rattling~~ on ~~up~~ ~~right~~ to ~~keep~~ ~~up~~ ~~right~~ ~~to~~ ~~me~~ ~~care~~ he ~~should~~ lag behind, he pulled at the ~~bit~~ & said ~~how~~ the ~~Jurgan~~ ~~Clytemnestra~~ ~~and~~ ~~with~~ ~~wooden~~ wings -

Jurgan. & made his phrase, & ~~they~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ waited, ~~ready~~ to ~~hear~~ ~~that~~ listening to the ~~other~~ ~~phr~~ words rolling down the valleys & another dale.

But Jurgan could never keep the actual words in her mind. The ~~were~~ the daughter of a rich man in Yeovilshire; & had he young & ~~two or three days~~; & ~~sent to the maid~~ & ~~asked~~ in a year or two ~~to be~~ ~~allowed to~~ have; ~~but~~ ~~Hardcastle~~, the actual

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words meant nothing to her; but this mattered—
his laying like that; his weight, his giving upon the air, trailing
away like an echo through the woods behind her, like an
echo itself; & the thought with ~~her~~ pure admiration
for that ~~the~~ of this wonderful, unknown, soul; this
astounding power.
~~It was astounding then.~~

~~Then, then~~
Then, when Mrs. Cantable thumped them down at night
with the coat ~~down~~ those that were so heavy, & were strange
that ~~the~~ hands ~~were~~ which had received so many
different sensations, wounds & pain ~~so~~ cracked with so
many startling zigzags of sensation; shone all seen
smooth & white & similar; ~~beautifully~~ coated with
enamel. She washed them mechanically. Then the
water flowed ~~in~~ broad ~~white~~ over the shoulders, or
little ~~wrinkles~~, ~~dots~~ rills down the skin.

~~But~~ The garden, & the schoolroom. The beds like mounds, the
& the beechwood, ~~all were~~ — now that this wind stirred the
Curtain, hung far down, ~~hid~~ in mid air; were
were about to drop ~~suddenly~~, to vanish, ~~no, for~~
But now, ~~as~~ ~~the~~ the light ~~was~~ came in; & ~~the~~
there ~~were~~ ~~a~~ & the sun made ~~stitches~~ & ~~gold~~ in the
Cloud ~~Fairy~~ ~~Gold~~ handkerchief; there was no longer ~~bed~~ like mounds
darkness, & ~~the~~ ~~long~~ but ~~those~~ ~~the~~ creases & folds & the cla-
bable were — ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~to~~ ~~or~~ eye ~~must be tempted that the must have~~
thought, — trying to ~~look~~ ~~what~~ lend in the folds & the
had such fragments as time who has broken the
perfect ~~end~~, Keats, Jane, ~~and~~ ~~Mary~~ Shelley's
may have, either compact together under one roof,
or scattered, into walls & flies, or sometimes set
by darkness apart, in the country, into nothing but a

where ~~the~~ end
Jenny reaches
~~last~~

& ~~the~~ the ~~shawl~~
that falls,
last. & hides,
from a
~~wicket~~
among
woods.

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Cane leading to them, – ~~Carnaby Street~~ near ~~Regent~~ & far away
in fact the view of some ancient church; But
or huddled in a mass, ~~suffocated~~ Cut ~~divided~~ in a long row
are divided from another only by a railing, a pillar, & a
little garden, with an ~~iron~~ door so much ~~alike~~ alike that
they could only be known apart by some slight difference in the
shape, or the number. Now, rather early in the morning, the doors
opened, & stayed open while the carriages ~~were~~ ~~being~~ ~~by~~
it was carried to the cab; & then it stayed open, & nobody
came; & then, ~~they~~ & then, very hurriedly, swallowing the
last mouthful, struggling into her coat, came ~~Lucy~~,
Bernard, Jasper, Rhoda, Susan, Archie – Louis is
all those others; with their new overcoats, & their
hand bags; & their clean pocket handkerchiefs, put away
in the right pocket. And hand waved; doors stayed open.
And then, almost solemnly, as if shutting an age, a
period, on something achieved, ~~that~~ that; & done with, & yet
only now beginning more anywhere. Shut.

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The Cabs drove off. They drove to all those various stations,
~~where a great clock~~ in London, Edinburgh, Manchester,
Liverpool Bristol, & ~~in Steele~~ where great clocks, ~~watch~~
~~the~~ are for ever ~~&~~ regarding the Eddy & confusion of ~~wheeling~~
halting & turning Cabs; & ~~porters~~ nobody ever ~~sits still for~~
Hours or Days, ~~but~~ & the richer & the train seems to cut
Hurley & Thames ~~as a stream on Rocks, sucking them through the arch,~~
Draw life through the arches as a stream ~~does~~ rocks: little bits of
with a violent eddy at the end wood & straw through a bridge - There, beyond the Railway,
the low hung very powerful ~~engine~~ ~~without any~~ necks, all
seem ~~body &~~ Neck back & Thigh: ~~the~~ ~~to~~ ~~water~~ the Green Hay dissolved,
& without any effort, the vast weight Hurled like an avalanche,
at a touch; without a sound ~~other~~ leaving only the
wonders. Rhoda ~~sat~~ reading a book in a corner. Louis,
wedged between George & Lindow, seemed crushed out of any
~~power to Think. like a Stick~~ Consciousness; ~~he~~ tried in
vain to think back to the ~~classical~~ word of Accidentally, by the
Byrnamed Bernard, with ~~his~~ a baker on his Knee,
played at Knuckletone. ~~And~~ at the other end, wherever it
might be, - & it might be Elon or Charlestrope, or ~~Marlborough~~,
Marlborough; it might be ~~on the~~ North or West, on
the East Coast or the South, there was a jetting ready, ~~a~~
arrival in advance; a ~~Steeding~~ ~~Lying~~ of tables; ~~&~~ an assumption
of ~~What a broad~~ ~~Natural~~ that ~~unreal~~ air, ~~which~~ is necessary ~~if~~ you are
to control the person & stimulate the nerves ~~of a person~~ on
~~Gamble, to Youth~~. of youth; & make them think that
there is ~~some truth~~ ~~in~~ power, ~~in~~ ~~which~~ is not in
themselves; something ~~Artificially~~ granted; a sort of
we need only to afford Precis; ~~to what~~ is that the headmarks - it might
Mr. ~~Lambert~~ Laurence Crane - or the headmarks -
Miss Eleanor ~~Hight~~ Lambert ~~has a right to dictate~~.
~~Rose~~ is something sacred, in them; at least to know
the truth: which is their prerogative; & they have

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the right to dictate. They have acquired it somehow – a certain mystery pervades that part of the proceedings. And mysterious they are – with their extreme deliberation, their sumptuous black clothes, so admirably cut, & as if any jewellery were worn, it was, in his case, a tie ring, with a human head; in Mrs Lambert's case, a old ring with one purple stone in it. And this assumption of being ~~better than~~ in authority led ~~also to~~ make them unfeelingly hateful to some minds, who cleaved nothing ~~more than to have life robbed of its~~ better than to believe, & worship, lovable, friendly Redcliffeans & others, who could not believe that anybody – no not Even Mr Crane with his bushy eyebrows, could ultimately know anything ~~about the importance~~ of importance about the Universe. anything of importance

And the

The ~~fields~~ At first there was the usual bustle of chimneys & towers; ~~then there then~~ & then a few other spires, with asphalted roads paths, & then a hill, much cut about with- houses, & a game of football going on, & then fields rushed past. Then Cattle stood ~~knee deep~~ in grazing; then here & there was a ~~farm~~, & then white house, in a garden. We're now in the Country, the name we said; & someone, (Hugh or Harry) waved his arm as if we were literally a gun about to be; & then they began boasting, about – James that his father had shot ~~two~~ ~~tame~~ ~~lobe eagles~~ ~~Thomas of that man~~ many pheasants with one; Edgar that he [illegible] had the finest collection of swords in England; Tom that his brother would very properly ~~play~~ the Lord & the ~~two~~ ~~boys~~ hard & then they were wop. & ~~had~~ ~~sadden~~ & ~~old~~ women began to & to the time ~~when~~ came passed; & here was the station.

There, whether it was in the North or West at Eton or Charterhouse or Winchester, on the East coast or the South, there had been the

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usual preliminaries — tables laid, beds made, women servants — men servants buttoning & tying — & the headmaster, namely, Dr. Lawrence Crane, & the headmistress, namely, Miss Eleanor Lambert mysteriously assuming that mysterious gaiety, which brought a sense of security to parents; as if they had known Miss Crane's — with her nose like the Matterhorn at sunset; & her bushy eyebrows; & the cleft in her chin like a wounded raven seen on hot day in the South from a train window; Miss Lambert — all in grey; her white face under its comely nose & heavy-lidded eyes veiling over a white soul; that seemed to float upon the a blue Hoover as They both descended, punctually, at into the classroom, where the boys & the girls were assembled; & their mere presence, [illegible] do decorum, & do Emphatic, & do Inspector he with his Cruelty, the work, her white ruffle, raised made a difference, that power & some they were & the dress that flowed down like a veil to Coventry whatever probably the body might have made, can had an effect at once. Louis saved only by Levine grappling at the [illegible] & doubt, his heart, his anguish when the unseen Jack was given his from the Chairman's, & his at those other strange Jerusalem that hovered him, & he could not unfurl in there was cygnet might be laid at rest; & for his vague the Dr's bushy eyebrows & great beak & no more were doubted hair & tufted hair: on the other hand Jasper felt that authority & apart; that he lays his were & the Cruelty were now abhorrent; left in the almost splendid thing surface, like that ga shadow in a bubble, gaudy, vapidly menacing; he had some power hostile to his own

wash bowl

was

The bubble bubble floated

delight

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& the darkness effects & human dignities & pet

imparticularly

which was work of your friends & it stood on the table

agility & independence. Bernard made ~~a pheasant, catching sight of~~ observed ~~the~~ the efforts which the doctor made to brush away a fly which kept circling round his head with irony; Lytton did not laugh, he merely observed the incongruity; & ~~he~~ ~~would have~~ envied it so that he could describe it later.

And on the East Coast, in that very new, tremendously hygienic stone building, Rhoda & Jinny observed Miss Lambert following the ~~Jinny~~ ~~Dancer~~ Jinny with her hand on the back - Jinny very simply admiring its perfectly rounded cleanliness, Rhoda imagining that the ring ~~was~~ had a purplish light, a knowing amorous light, upon the pointed key.

Jinny, ~~going~~ up stairs ~~to~~ which her ~~teacher~~ ~~she~~ took, ~~in~~ - first ~~turning~~, ~~paused~~ to observe the ~~three another~~ ~~bud~~ ~~bud~~ ~~on the plant on the top~~ ~~but then~~.

More light was coming in ~~at the door~~ ~~Those were~~ letting ~~the~~ ~~making~~ ~~the~~ ~~shape~~ of the bed, the book, the plate, ~~in~~ a many-coloured light, ~~as if~~ as if a ~~fe~~ silk globe were drawn through the air, & the lady touched on ~~her~~ green bells, were now strong ~~here~~, & he adorned ~~her~~ ~~with~~ some pearls & flung it up where an ~~eye~~ ~~so~~ that it clustered, flamily fluffy over the Eyeby, before it ~~enveloped~~ her - a ~~this~~ this attic pearl, ~~worthy~~ ~~was~~ almost transparent; so that it ~~and~~ nearly ~~all~~ ~~everything~~, & yet it ~~coloured~~ ~~together~~ - & put a ~~thing~~ a claw a calyx: it left as a ~~pedicle~~ flew there, where it had fallen. an unlighted train. ~~and~~ Another bud on the plant hung there; so that ~~there~~ there had been an Eye in the naked figure, in the hooded Thistle that sat there, over the table, with the wounded Jew, it might have said, this plant

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which is obscure. It might have ~~looked as the~~ heard last, the
sounds the roar of the sea, the murmurs & regular noise, but
the voice to deep that nowhere seemed to be silence,
something besides: something irregular: something like a log
falling from a rock: or a boat being drawn on shore: some
unspecified interchange, as if this the two awful wonders, —
simplicity, where belonging no longer dominant; but

~~the~~

And Lear began to weep at the sight of ~~it~~ these creatures
to what have I ~~come to the~~ to them?

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deep like that so deep which were so deep that it seemed to be
the reflex of things on the great shell that the whole world, a
cloud, like a bird falling from a star. Its monotony was
interrupted. Its smoothness chopped up.

Louis, looking at Dr. Crane standing by the brass Eagle on
Sunday heard the long spread open its back, thought what have I
worked to this? What am I? — If one collects the scattered
pieces & matter there into a boy called Louis, what is he,
what am I? And it seemed to him that this ceremony, & the
Pacardolal air, & the monuments & inscriptions,
were taking him collecting him & stamping him & welding
him together into a formidable weapon. He would rise above the
[illegible] & kneel & the clergyman in one
single blade; stamping, decapitating.
decapitate. & come down on them —
something, — perhaps a shuffle just before they ended,
Shuffle of a foot, the accents of somebody's mother,
feeling, & struck the blade; he felt absent: his father was an
Australian & he spoke with an accent; a very slight un-English
accent; & he was therefore a parvenu: Get down
the cream of the English that went to Australia —
He took out his head to write; & furtively looked about
him to see what other people did then; & admired the
easy attitudes of the manly red-cheeked boys who
pinched Each other & they pretended to follow
the prayers; the boys who hit balls, who boasted that their
fathers had hit balls over the parsons at Lord's. No
grown man he had known at home remembered this rapidly
boast of Archie's. Then he was desired deserved the
Newfoundland multitude of the petted & protected English,
& began to matter to him that he was proud of
being an Australian: that he despised those big studious
three days grooms. And then he was recalled to Dr.

a was
as people

Because he
was different,
despised. He

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Crane in the pulpit: to the absolute necessity of collecting the scattered
hearts: of one meant 'he' somebody, meant 'he' Louis: & he
remembered how once he heard Hood in a garden, & then nothing had
happened to sever the connection, he was then entire; & then
there had been a clap on his the make of his neck: & there was
He raised his eyes as Mr Crane & listened to with
profound severity. Like a young hawk. With his grey more &
sparing eyes he looks like a young hawk, & suddenly —
Even now, while Mr Crane preached — wild laughter
filled his eyes, as the hawk rose in the air. & he laughed
Innumerable little boys listened to Mr Crane that
fine summer morning reading the lesson. Their minds
wandered; they turned the coins in their pockets; they
tied & untied a twist of string; they howled across at some
enemy, or very tenderly took a fly off some heroic proto-
Bernard was on the whole among the attentive. He was
interested by the sermon, up to a point; he was
aware of the oddity of the doctors voice, wounding against the
dusty wheels the walls pumps, men & against the dancing
buttercups; entered the known beds; & he wandered up the lane,
the Dun Dun Dunghill, — & the rose had . . .

Some trout. beech, umbrellas;

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of only in a whisper, — His tongue, running through one thing & then another, like a mouse running through rugs, made the ~~most~~ sequence: had ~~made something another~~; & what that power, what was there? what was there now, in the chapel, the silent grave, & the Elm the arches the windows? No thing: the ~~chapel~~ had ~~no~~ did not like impersonal objects. ~~So for Father Corbett~~

As for the handsome Percival, who could say — steadily regarding the pew in front of him, he sat there, ~~Really~~ Though he beautiful Margaret bore a little heavily, ~~Margaret~~ accepting, beliefs, as the whole the obvious thing, what was happening what old Crane was saying: ~~any thing~~ how it had to be gone through with. ~~And~~ So many ~~little~~ boys ~~would~~ like to be near him; all that was heroic, desirable seemed to spread in the garden which she had at the back of his head; by the way, by the aspect in different like an ~~old~~ pagan knight, ~~warrior~~ a Roman soldier, in which he knew up, sat down, — St Louis would have done that, only that he would have seven all his Great Genius — ~~that~~ those works of charity, ~~that~~ enormous ~~& regularity~~ famous ~~soldier~~ fame. St Louis, ready to be near him, ~~does~~ stood ~~scrupulously~~ always.

So two on the East Coast, Susan & Rhoda & Jinny, innumerable little girls, observed Miss Lambert, Miss Carrie, Miss Workington. Rhoda, unregarded, softly ~~her~~ hand up to shield her face, Susan, at first, ~~the~~ right; remembering her Governess & two doves; — she had asked the boy to be good to them; & remembering something mild & homely, & very casual; people coming & going, & one must always be down in time; — when the hour, ~~one of them~~ they talked; making jokes. the bolts, the brightness. And here, the little brass knobs instead of soft mounds & whiteness & silent, under the kitchen window; & there she had heard the ~~door~~ from the nursery window, a gun fired in the woods. & the wind & the mist came & battering & tears. Then she heard a man shout & a dog

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back. ~~Rachel~~ She woke to Mrs Lambert ~~[illegible]~~.
Carrying beef.

And Rhoda, who loved the simple things, especially when it
began felt when ~~some page~~ of beauty, thought, Jean ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ perfume this beef were really ~~a delicious thing of~~
such – ~~something~~ or venison Between tying round this very
moment of time, the thought, taking up her Knife. She thought
that it became the exact arrangement of things are could make
Each day Every moment very interesting. It could be learned from the
brings its awful hollow Kitchen. Jane could do it. But ~~then~~, then
calamity however she would have given away in order to ~~be~~
be, not like ~~us~~, not like us, not like Jane. She said
tapping down the tube: but ordinary ~~[illegible]~~:

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Luke 20

They became – she could not give any one word to it; but
they became – something like a melody, like a
like a monument, like a pale bride of illumination;
a poem, the bare bodkin under a stone;

Collected She takes this, & one takes that, the thought; trying to determine what things they were; choose which ~~it should be~~; then it was: which things make up

For she had an idea that if, instead of letting things so as to as up, without one ringed them round, then they became escaping; instead of they merely beat again, Sunday again; they never what has never happened precisely so before, nor ever can to be forgotten like the moment when the like the moment the Matron pulled out & the solemn mark of the little hand across the sheet.

a penny for your thoughts said Mrs Williamson;

Jinny Cast her eye down the long table & remarked her flicking her knife & fork, thought how Mrs Aisley the French mistress had said the word like a shell Just the colour of the Evening Sky between trees — that is, a kind of shell green. Jinny would like to have lots of dresses: one for each dress for every day — for every kind of feeling. One for this day, when rather sombre, that with pearls. when Mrs Dalloway came this would become a silver veil; only the word like to have long black & long sleeves & to have her hair up — to be grown up at last, & to come into money: to open the door suddenly & finding Every one looking at her: — would look at her; & the word peronette sadly to a gilt chair, in the middle of the room, & fold close away her flowers — a great many gentlemen with while their pockets would ache. They would crowd round her; & talking the arm of a gentleman on every dress she would pass peronette out — sweeping. on his — arm a little past her three

If there had been an eye in the hooded curtain, how darting its gaze, when the blast, it would have seen a green spire at the edge of one, the tassels; above to be a ~~coloured blast~~, a spotted & colored blast then; — But then it merely was to be blamed; it

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innocence confused. And the sea tossing its waves on the beach,
tossed up sea weed, bits of cork, the a knotted rope, or the
glass bottom cast of a bottle, some nameless rubbish that might
have been wood, or flesh, or it the Nuff; & the lady,
Couched on her sea-mattress, raised her arm,
with a brisk gesture rubbed her eye, looked one slenth
glance over the sea, glanced then at the semi Recumbent
figure, made them clear blue, clear green, & softly
as the breeze stirred it for a second with rays of
pink and yellow colour - always Even the rays
pointed rays had the shine of pearl; & the rock
became deep cut hooded, crafty, as the shadow
that chequered the beach, as black & deep. Yet over it all
was something too quick to last, too some glossy inchoate;
some tinge, even in the black, of blue; even in the
Marked shadow some tremor & quiver at the edge. And its
pearly was mixed; & its colours in the it Coming out the
room, they were lit up unequally. here a tumbler, holding
reveald duly, upheld by Mealth of light; & here the
Edge of a knife blade there: but the handle was obscure. And
Only the conclusion of the waves sounded far away, far
away; but too far to be caught & hindered, or Robbed. and
the Thumb fancy sometimes the song of the thumb was
Caught up & interrupted by a Chorus of other birds
singing very fast, & mixing very irregularly & tossing
& Robbing.

Indeed, was pleasant Mrs Lambert said, when the head
walter the last bell & hat was the were boy marked
first

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& sometimes made a bet;

set up the sometimes as often like thunder; her her very encouragers looked at to watch

At these rows & rows of boys & girls looked them at Mr Crane & Mrs Lambert, they looked at the dark gold crucifix & the amethyst ring; they — at eight, Florrie, William the boy who was engaged at the office in the Strand, & who used to bring up parcels. & Florrie who having had, on the week home "fallen into a good crib where they keep a man & three maids" was now learning how to make mashed potatoes by watching the Cook; it was an awful, a formidable woman; — the next rows & rows of Charles Bobs Richards Hughes Martins Johns Alices Marys Ellens Ediths Dorothys & so over again & over again, the names wheeling themselves, with looked at the Headmaster & the Headmistress a voice with very serious reputation; to they looked so very powerful; had such commanding ways; & were sometimes marvellously benignant- laughed & made jokes; but were always utterly, very far off; very like a show.

The Mackinnon Certain details of their appearance were not like other people's. Their noses & eyes were not like other people's & however one might laugh, & boast, old Joe & Jo had only to dress & to wear gloves on one in the School room, or play Scrag down the playing field, the progress the Doctor, or the Mrs Lambert, even up walking up had a mighty advantage about it: was very amazing awful: one Charles caught a dropped the ball because you- & felt that life became more glittering & there was more important. For that reason yet also rather better & more something to throw bells or leaps higher; & yet at the same time, brand up in this Jolly over, & was lovable. No sooner had the doctor & Mrs Lambert turned the corner than somebody would be walking, rather hunched up like Mrs Lambert, or striking his chin & saying in a gruff voice "Jean Corrobant Rest" like the headmaster. Laughter & cheers

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indeed seem pleasant. Miss Lambert found, when she had written the last letter & shut it into the wire tray marked Post, to put on a pair of rubber galoshes, & go down to the pond There at least was a little privacy. She or, what she wanted more, something over which she had no control. There she would reflect, looking at the white patches of walk among the leaves, on life; & its extraordinary shortness; for She would laugh at think how strange it was that She, on the day that -"I mean by that something I turn on in the morning, like a light"- had in her own solitude accumulated here on the East Coast a house with And I turn it on, she thinks, then all this happens: but I am really a very innocent child; I'm the thought a mind he, because no one would have guessed it. and the little frog. It was a frog, a the leaf, seems aware of that; or, more likely, unaware; & her attention Beyond the pond was a flower of fear, leaves back to the house. What humbug, what fraud, what absurdity even cataryonic anemaly we are, the Thynt. So she stood over the pond in her rubber galoshes - She suddenly struck her that it would afford Great savoy in retaining it — but she said no. Please do not think absent the statuary, she said.

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Indeed it was pleasant, Miss Lambert thought, when she had said Good bye to the Revd W. B. Pelham to put on her galoshes & go down to the pond. She said to herself that she wanted privacy (the hand was down on the corner of her own garden) but as she stooped to buckle on her galoshes, something that was like a cloak rippled off her shoulders, & she knew this that she wanted, to walk down through the grove of young trees without that encumbrance, & to be alone; & indeed to be, in the presence of something that she could not control. The wood, stooping forward slightly, over the pond, parted its white hatches & walks among the dark leaves; & began to think but she had turned off the light- the light of heresy; the light that lit the big book of Insolence & bore up there; There is a frog on that leaf, she thought; & it pleased her very much that there should be a frog sitting on a lily leaf; because of its irregularity, & indifference; it might hop: it might not hop. What pleased we are, she thought; we are fickly captivated by donkeys. Not thought, really truly - As Pelham was talking & round & round the garden; walking round & round — that was what she thought of hearing the clergyman; & the thought of Charles & hearing the garden talking intelligently of prospects & the future. For it was clear that she, at least, was about two years old, autumn; a former state, - an infant soul, just incapable of breathing even that frog: should she hope, should she not hop; & as the cloud journey seemed to her that the sky was full of unfeathered disorderly wandering clouds moving over her garden & the house & making off, across the North Sea, across the Russian steppes - while the unpained face, so vaguely, was looking at a frog.

I have shut off the light, she said to herself; & seemed to her that she saw the world now without

seemingly attached to her neck

headed up with hounds & palanquin,

She felt curious that

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any nonsense; then all things seemed possible. Vaguely,
she felt lucky beginning life again, on a sheep farm or in
Australia, beginning everything again; And then, from no
particular quarter, without exactly to suggest it, the
~~Coat~~ Carrickon came to her that the cured effect of great
bravery in Mahomary it - ~~But~~ the ~~face~~ moved
unfaltering. Wait think of that now, she said to herself. But
all the same, a light had been lit; when she looked at the
hand again it was lit by that particular light - heavy. Never
her head; & ~~she felt~~ the Clouds in a more strange shape with a
stormy Enemy: ~~Good then she thought, have stayed on~~
~~Arrangement this~~ Everything was getting into shape again,
lit by the light ~~gloomily~~; & so, with a sigh, Mrs
Lambert shook her head & resumed her way back to the
house, ~~but upside~~ now ~~completely~~ lit up through the
shadowy little trees, along the white which she could not ~~compare~~
~~reflexes~~ ~~trees~~ Sometimes it almost seemed as ~~if~~ the ~~lights~~
Then ~~she began again~~ She shook her head & resumed her
march, with the characteristic rather hunched up movements,
back through the little trees; & ~~Each tree~~ each one became
Ceremonial, like attendants; a ~~strange~~ Then the
School house appeared, its ~~roof~~ lights sharply outlined; &
the electric light already lit in the Gymnasium & the
Dormitories. - also Ceremonial; ~~symbolic~~ And
Mrs Lambert thought vaguely, yet with a sense of some
usefulness, for why had one only one life? - That the hand on
all that, every morning; & ~~then~~ The next effect a
Clumsy on the Mahomary; Mrs Wilkinson had a bad cough;
the work of Mrs ~~Tom~~ Parrys farm was slowly; -
& so, shaking to shake off the darkness, the
absurd cloak, with ~~all~~ its tassels, its heavy silken fur
lifted back a bit. The fur waved in hand; but on her
very temple Every Dress, appeared ~~again~~ again in the
dining hall; where all the little girls sat for a moment
watched at her.

perhaps only
in one room

Now a

its
large head
creeps

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with a beautiful doll,

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So too Dr Crane appeared to the assembled crowd. He leaned
& he made off, through the cracked door;
roared with laughter — but nobody else could possibly be
as much amused as Georgiana & nearly as all that; & then,
Danny himself to his full height, for such words were the right
words, he swung off, & disappeared, & he sat in his own chair in his own room;
boots: he took off his coat; he laid the silver here & the
coffee there; he on the dressing table; & soon he was sitting
only in his shirt over a gas fire.

for it was natural to use phrases like that & this,

And then Mrs Crane began to tenderise her, next door, in
the big room with the two beds, under her pink
pink lamp & always at this particular moment
particular shade of pink lamp & always at this particular moment
was like a bank holiday, starting day to day, the evening hour.
Mrs Crane, shutting up her hand & her hair, leaned, now & then,
to her typing to [illegible] that has that make the bridge one: &
open in the middle: to be filled with lattice work at the
need of crossing again, journey day to day, mostly & wholly. But
what could one do? So he thought to, we are all in
Chain that goes round & round & round. Surely the side of
[illegible] chair must have made by this time a little brass
plaque on the carpet. Part ugly, room to retire, tiger over, a
Garden with a hedge to clip, some where in the west country —
that was what the fancy wheel led to; & He turned about to find
somebody who had put him there, who was responsible for
the fact that he had put on the chair over the gas fire
for so many nights; & thus sacrificed the He might have been
an Admiral, a Judge. And he felt He might have
roamed freely about, here in London, was in Parliament;
& he was working reports & small boys'
Characters what Room-mamas took seriously.
But
He was wanted And the
And

the pink shaded Electric light

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Childhood 20,000
maturity 40,000
age 20,000
80,000

280
40
11,200

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Comfortably that had stuck in his mind, not these words

Polly wagging her head from side to side, (in a way that the Elbow boys understood) he could not see how, were his duties, his stern sense of making the best of things, he could have done otherwise.
Applicable, And his Honor brought before himself, ~~to his~~ all the many difficult decisions he had made. Cases of Judge, the ~~many~~ & then there were the Traditions; discipline; Precedents he had upheld, & to enforce this, quoted what Justice had said & him. dismissed. ~~He~~ The ~~burden~~ weight but they decided by by the poor mad boy who had ~~no~~ friends only but the doctor who Come to him. And then — could see him. He talked up a few such words, & then included Considered that they were all Comforted included them ah, rather meekly, vaguely, & hurried to Mason his wife busy so happily with her Children & then to be anywhere about. Even if like a Arnold he did in a record which however — here he wore his little hayrn in his shirt, he had no thoughts Doug & to be tied the strings of his pyjamas & crowned once more the tenth bridge into the bedroom —

The room was gradually rising into view like a thing that has been sunk beneath the sea; has been drowned many fathoms as waters ~~to~~ rise to the surface deep; ~~rising~~ of destroyer, but Shapes were taking mass & edge. Here was the line of a picture frame; here the door of a cupboard; here, luminous, most hopeless, ~~it~~ was a bowl of flags; a mirror, Giving another view of the room. And gradually the tip of a brush, dipped instead of big evenly stained van, like hand to Giving a false view of the proportions Even of such ordinary objects as a plate, or a knife & fork.
The ~~wondering~~ Suppose there was some one there, in the cupboard told of the head, he or the night has Seen islands, or at any rate distant land, on the horizon —

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Offered, Jerusalem to his help
ask work of Thy Most Head
Kuck in his mind,

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But nobody had hurt him there – things had hurt him there
forces. – Their blame thrumbering, thundering & throbbing across the stars
night, driving one before them – he hid the thing that he named
& crossed the pink bridge again into the bedroom.

Lobby he heard in a way that the little boys could imitate to perfection

The ?

~~The plant – the young~~ The little flowers on the plant were
~~pale with dense spots~~ reflected with strange distortion: ~~do~~ ~~two~~ the
~~do~~ & the wardrobe, mountainous, ~~over~~ towering over them.
Perhaps there were some one there, in the capacious folds of the
hood, how can I ~~be~~ here, ~~how can I name~~, how can I be
sure that it's a cupboard there: it's a mountain slope: &
then the slice of light lying on the table – ~~what touch~~ ?
~~Do~~ how can I name, how can I ~~tell~~ relate ? – to be, to live,
whatever way there might have existed; ~~a flower~~, ~~the hood~~
crossing to the window he could have seen, out there, the
line of distant land ~~crossing~~ ~~can~~ more distant. It was an
island perhaps. For the sea was beyond it. And beneath the
horizon was now a straight green bar, as at ~~a~~ which slice of
black glass had been laid on it. Meanwhile the
waves ~~beat~~ ~~rhythmically~~ ~~lobby~~ They beat like a drum,
like a drum ~~bearing~~ a regiment of ~~plumed~~ & turbaned
Medici, of negroes with ringed noses, ~~naked~~ men
with steel aneges. ~~Breaking~~ ~~falling~~ the drum
of the waves sent a light concussion, a tremor,
through Earth & air: drums. Waves. Thuds, making
what ~~is~~ ~~they~~ then.

are to the the

Bernard, coming out of chapel, caught hold of Archie's coat, &
began whispering. – only a blur about the old doctor;
but all the same, everybody crowded round to listen to him;
the handsome Percival, & Louis, pressing him – like whom were

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already a little the perhaps. But when Percival stood there, the bunny lurking in the side, the likeness ~~was~~ ~~to~~ ~~a~~ ~~power~~ ~~of~~ ~~making a picture~~ appeared to the eyes like a shaded & corrugated reddish-yellow wings — ~~as~~ the Hound drawn away. Perhaps presence made the bunny ~~weaker~~ & ~~in the thighs~~ went outward ~~trouble~~ like camels in the sun, — Do they all sat, that summer morning in the corner of the Wagon field, where the grass was let grow long. They lay among the ~~tickling~~ feathery grasses, & some of the boys gnawed the ~~grass~~, or ~~talks~~ as they listened to Bernard & ~~stroked~~ him with the grass when he began to take a ~~turn~~, ~~as his~~ ~~eyes were~~ thinking of something else. ~~at the time the~~ & began ~~last of what was heard, & the~~ Cricket in the match cricket match was going on. They heard the regular ~~tap~~ ~~of the~~ smack of bat & ball, & the cheers & the hoots, & if they chose they could see the little white boys with curious, still legs running & pausing in the middle of the field: but they said, as an interlude, Go on. The story was extraordinarily interesting. He moved ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~seat~~ & watched them bowling along the turf — What a ~~good~~ one — watch it — there it goes! — he seemed to say, as the idea came ~~to him~~ ~~through~~ ~~his~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~to~~ ~~his~~ ~~mind~~ & he realised that after all ~~then~~ probably ~~he~~ could be as ~~big~~ as Mr Crane " & so ~~when~~ the old Eagle began ~~looking at~~ his ~~beak~~ ~~hungry~~ ~~after~~ lumps of raw meat ~~&~~ ... & it went bulging down his ~~lean~~ red neck — & then he stumped went ~~dee~~-tummy out of the room like a Camel, with an enormous bale of Carpets on its back — the rest with very thin legs — "

Now little Hugh knew that story, Louis Wagner:

When he made those phrases he
found — and formed — new feelings
in him

And they all felt gallus!
Grant-

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He always hauled for a moment, ~~before he made a pleasure,~~ before he made said anything of that kind, & then the wood began to come in a stream of its own accord ~~& to go~~ bubbling up, as, then in a burst, a stream of ~~foboon~~ bubbles suddenly rose. The Lancelot Percival lay with his straw hat over his eyes— & was suddenly shaken with laughter a succession of ~~was~~ quiet guffaws, for he never said anything; only ~~Lancelot.~~ ~~when~~ but his laughter, coming unexpectedly, seemed to ~~set~~ the ~~real~~ a real ~~on it~~ it; seemed to give some sanction to the affair, as, when he rolled round & chewed the stars, the story about became ~~rolly~~ dull & flat. And ~~Lancelot~~ he would ~~got~~ back again, & look at the match. Lancelot would feel every change of his feeling ~~The very soft clouds~~ to sort were the sky that seemed as if the clouds must break, ~~blue~~ melt ~~in it~~ white into blue & look as if ~~they were~~ they were to sort two - like warm ~~fresh~~ fresh milk, like ~~warm~~ blue down; & the ~~weighty~~ ~~came~~ two ~~soft~~ to & they moved very ~~fast,~~ seemed as if the clouds & they moved very fast ~~segment in folding part~~ dwindling away- dispersing, dwindling, ~~to extra order~~ ~~And~~ The tops of the trees seemed to be ~~wrapped~~ wrapped up there & it seemed as if the whole universe from the sky downwards had got flowing in the same ~~Humphrey as~~ to just perhaps bending only ~~with the~~ — ~~Glasses &~~ which took the new bending, ~~here~~ ~~in~~ Bernard ~~here~~ wear places voice ~~gently~~ wandering voice going on & on, ~~one day~~ voice gently wandering ~~going~~ on, so gently, ~~in making~~ rounding what had ~~And~~ ~~off~~ there stories thing off, rolling them up. Mrs Crane two would come by suddenly & Mr Nicholson, a ~~the~~ a ~~curtain~~ ~~Une~~ ~~huge~~ ~~large~~ ~~these~~ ~~huge~~ their bodies would seem upright, huge, out of proportion. ~~Lancelot~~ all true ?, human

is a stream of bubbles suddenly rose from the bottom & burst.

~~every~~ parts of them in the sky.

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wrong in jealousy

seemed about to touch one another's blood

walked humbly. Is it not a dream? Can one be at ease in ~~the world~~ an happy as this! There must be something wrong happiness. Great men have always been unhappy. to his instant Was not a noble or high state. and then he resolved that why did that come, even now? what Bernard said was Joy for very ~~short~~ delicately, these coins stole back the shadow which came, perhaps from his concern with the past — he dismissed Bernard's ~~power~~, his uncouth; only ~~what was~~ he said what was ~~amusing~~, & was not true. All these judges ~~recalled~~ & about to ~~touched~~ each other in her; ~~was~~ leers to never clearer; making him feel as a very much alive; yet on the verge of death as if at agreement something moved back & all warned her covered over with a curtain of dreadful regret. worse Bernard had suddenly stopped talking to ~~sat~~ looking very dolorous. Something seemed to have failed him impossible to make up any more, he heard it humbly. How very ~~was~~ they had happened again— how bored he was! how heavy his body was! Perhaps he had guessed that Louis ~~a~~ accused him of telling his stories then again, another bubble rose to the top. ~~and~~ when ~~she~~ and then he sat silently & they heard the bats pray on & on & on. And the whole system kept moving on the strong broad And the great peaches became the moths very ~~sober~~ & in an argument started & Percival slashed a leg. heavy rolled off.

when he
walked
away became
& became

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there such appearances going to be common,
& to perhaps to become more & more
Complicated? bounded into many colours?

Can it be that ~~Jane~~ Mrs. Ramsay & two is life; this shock & consciousness & ~~this & Mrs. Ramsay~~ within of different feelings, one from there, another from here, pleasant & painful; his body seemed to become ~~as mist & vapour~~, ~~took & pulse~~ of the brilliance & sweetness, & this ~~crudely~~ hardness & softness of some plum or pear, ripening in the heat; the different ~~Jane's & Paul's~~ one rill over stones, ~~& mixing & mixing~~ hardness; ~~while the cloud went over head &~~ Pip he was ~~alternately~~ very much annoyed, when Bernard added another ~~word~~ sentence, to the effect, ~~& then & they~~ all ~~laughed~~; ~~& then he was rebuked, relieved~~ yet he was very happy; & he felt the pleasure of the clouds ~~& the air~~; slightly jammy, sticking to the edges of the ~~lips~~ all these feelings oscillated within him & ~~seemed~~ was to keep him ~~about~~, ~~& embrace~~ him, over a cauldron. ~~general~~ He had often felt one thing with Rhoda; ~~& was~~ like the clash on the nape & the neck when Jinny kissed him; but not so many things at the same time — ~~& this was life~~.

& everything surrounding them as they sat on the grass, a group, complete in some way, eternal, ~~but~~ not to be destroyed by any violence ~~of~~ its own; independent of personal feelings.

However, Bernard suddenly stopped. ~~He sat~~ & His sentence ~~died~~ failed off ~~miserably~~ feebly. He sat looking very dolorous. The ~~old~~ thing had happened again. — The making up power had failed him. ~~The~~ ~~light~~ The light went out & the glass! ~~How~~ heavy ~~his~~ body felt! Then another bubble rose to the surface... And then no more. They heard the ~~ball~~ ball hitting & hitting. Suddenly Percival ~~looked~~ threw up & began watching the match. They all began again to watch the match.

~~fell~~ & with a sensation, one misses ~~it~~ Again; ~~it~~ exploding in great waves of sensation, and ~~disappointment~~, now both.

~~fell~~ from & I hear.

as if nothing whatever had happened.

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very hyscenic,

Rhoda was On the Occasion at Mrs Lambert's celebrated school on the East Coast there were many landings & on two of them looking glasses, on large enough to reflect the whole figure. The other showing only the head & shoulders. Jenny & Rhoda & Jessamy & Celia all went upstairs together to change for the Fancy dress Ball. First their heads appeared in the little looking glass; but only Jenny's & the boys, left amazed astounded, & excited, & indignant at her fate, between the other. Miss Not her face, the crest waving (& the face in the looking glass became a head & resolute) That was not her, with his Roads hole & thin

There were not her:

the cloud more, the freckles, & the green eyes:— the Upend to be that; & making them all run together, she came to the long looking glass, where the whole body was shown. There she was entire. There was her body, the wonderful instrument; that came flowing into words, & settled, Norman upon Norma, in a fast chair; that wandered, zigzagging like a butterfly, Negus just over a hayfield; that pronounced in the Law Centre of a thousand mirrors. That was the core of a million experiences. So, quickly running up the Nigh Night, she would dress even among the Sergeants & Colbourn Shaws & choose that Something, emphatic, so that she came into the door room with a little Clap of hand, was Even red, thin & long as Thomas, a mark on irrepressible, regular, angular

The change light at the centre of a million appearances, whereupon the entire play for five or ten intensely expressive,

But the others hardly noticed. with their arms locked touched looked, almost indifferently first at their heads, they at their bodies, & Jessamy thought, the thought of

then flowed at the touch of her mind ~~always~~ some
curious apprehension when she saw them together,
of ~~pantomime~~, ~~as that~~ She had never got used
being parted, as they had ~~been~~ been parted from
her brother Morton,

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with tenderness, – for
vaguely, as Libbie company making an advance ~~but~~ & ~~to~~
Alice. ~~for she her~~ contact in ~~the~~ good natured normal
way with the legend of ~~the~~ display of her undoubtedly
satisfactory face, so straight, so ~~her~~ unblenched, so
noble even, in its calm toleration & benignity, looked once,
~~would but her her~~ for straightly calmly, went on to the
other glass, confident & ~~sweet~~ calm. Neither Libbie
glass nor long glass could discompose her or shake her from
her perfectly straight poised acceptance of the fact of
life – of the goodness of life. But Rhoda brushed her hand
across her face –

acceptance

(Monday 28th Oct.
1929